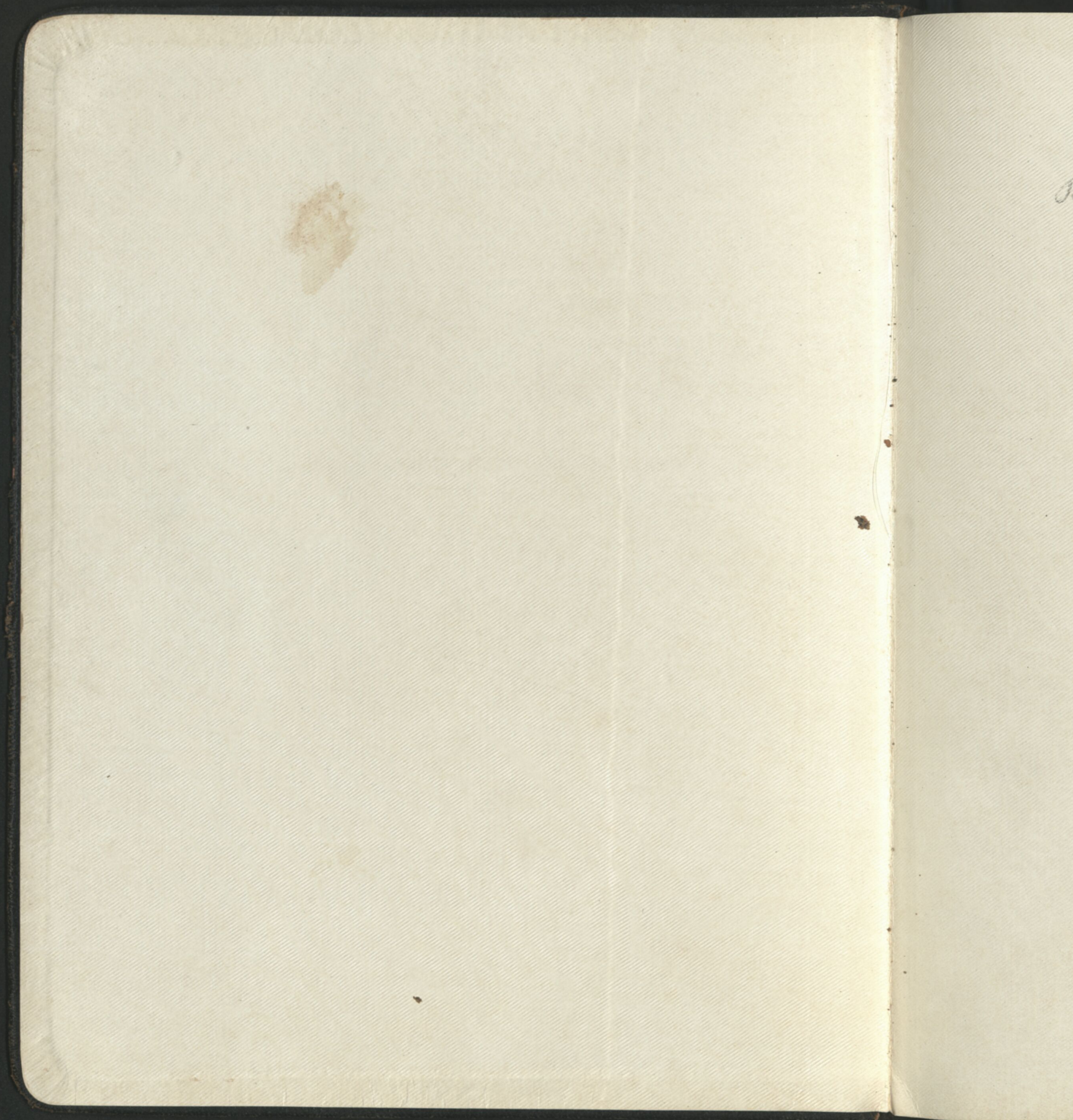




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Song

Song

Songs of the Gray Mother
and other verse

Songs ^{of} ~~for~~ the ^{Star} ~~Gray~~ Mother ~~Tote~~
and other verse

By Henry S. Wyer

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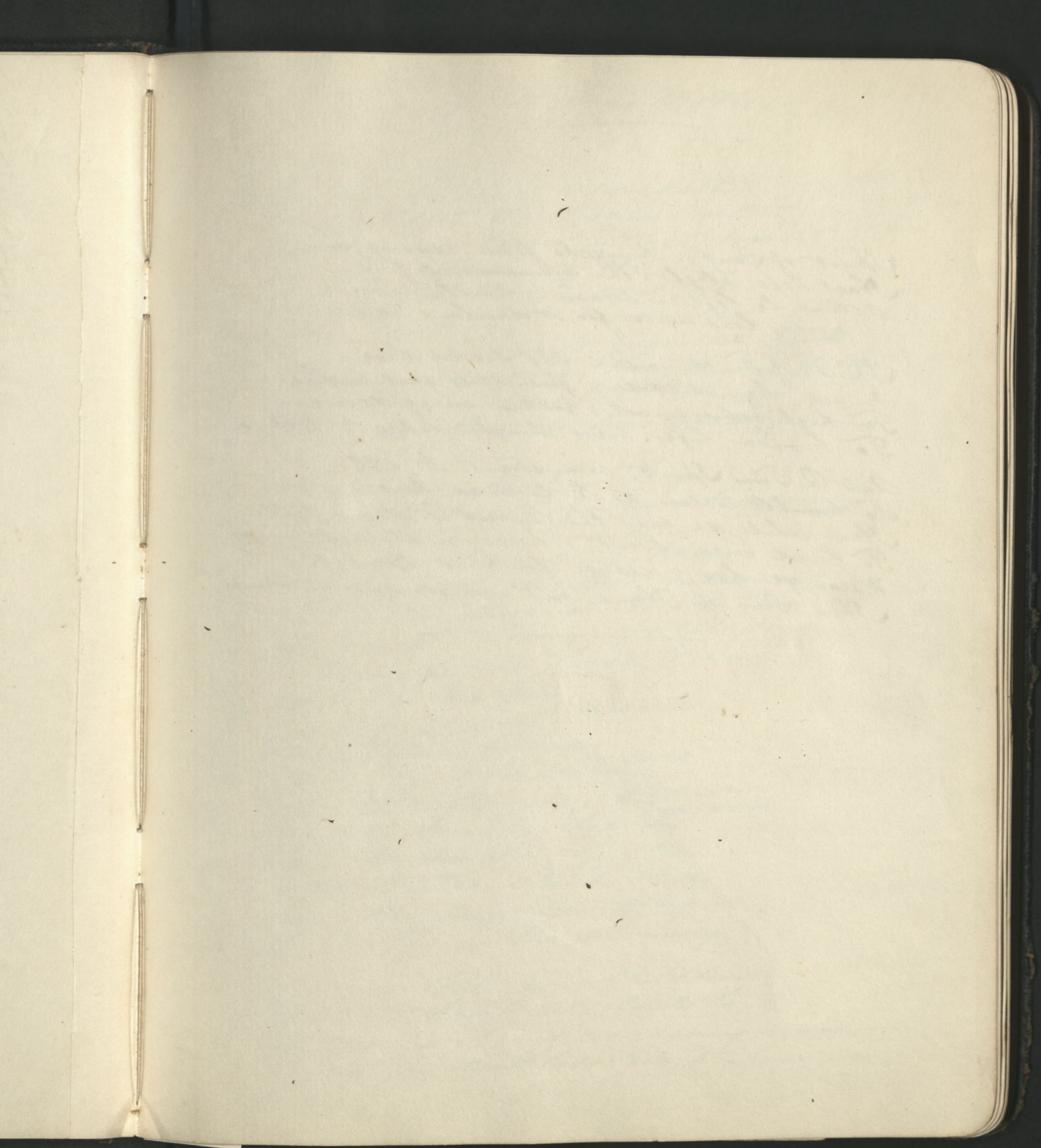
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Spirit of Song - thou who from days of yore
 Hast kept alight the immemorial fire,
 Attune to loftier strains ^{more} artless Glee;
 A voice long mute for Motherland restore!

Spirit of Truth, instil thy sacred lore
 In us - her children; quenchless zeal inspire
 For high achievement; waken young desire
 To broader life, new thought-realms to explore;

And O, Twin Spirits, ministrant to all,
 To humble toilers as to crowned Kings,
 Hear while ye may the Ancient Mother's call
 To loved ones absent; hence on stalwart wings
 Bear ye her message forth at eventide;
 Her Song of Home, and old remembered things!



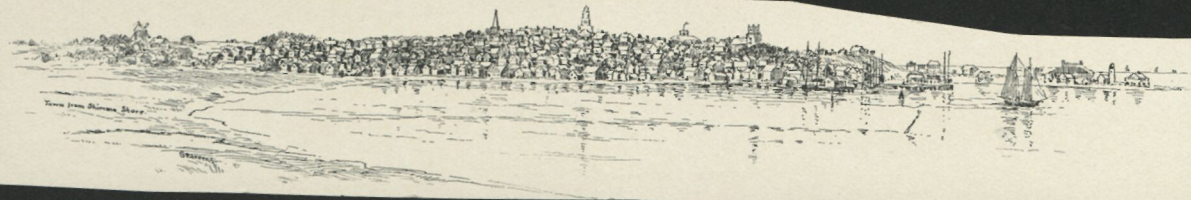
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A Song of The Gray Mother

By her sapphire ocean gates
Wistful-eyed the Mother waits
For her own long-scattered brood.
For her children of the blood:
Far beyond the changeful tide,
Over Western prairies wide,
Over snow-crowned mountain peaks
Flies her yearning thought and seeks
You - The wanderers that stray
From her fold so far away!

Ah, how garrulous her tongue
While she prates of you, her young,
You, the wondrous prodigies
Borne upon her willing knees
Till the world, as yet unknown,
Claimed her darlings for its own!
Oft through memory's portals ring
Cradle songs she loved to sing,
Echoes of the prayer you said
Kneeling by your trundle-bed.
Flash before her yearning gaze
Visions of your boyhood's days;
Love-illumined, rosy-hued,
Big with boundless hope imbued,
You - her knights of stainless shield,
To the Mother stand revealed,
You - her daughters young and fair
Greet her in the gloaming there!
List, in tones your childhood knew,
Heart to heart she calls to you:
"Children of my wandering brood,
Bound in deathless brotherhood,



Town from Shum's Shore

Shum's

Clausomen of our honored line,
Sons and daughters - darlings mine,
List, and lend a patient ear,
While the Mother's voice ye hear.
Brief my message; lacking art,
Speak I straightway from the heart;

"Often hath the tale been told
Of my mariners of old;
Dauntless voyagers were these
Who, in utmost northern seas
Tossed by many a wintry gale,
Battled with the mammoth whale;
Long shall children's children read
Of that later Viking breed;
Of their deeds on sea and shore
In the perilous days of yore.
Then the brave old Island town
Gained her glorious renown
For a staunch and mighty fleet;
Then along each bustling street
Moved a stranger and motley throng,
Veteran whalers, lithe and strong,
Dusky sons of Afric lands;
Sailors from far Western strands;
Silent Indians, grouped apart;
Merchants of the busy mart;
Well nigh stranger, standing near,
Wonder as he turned to hear
From the ever shifting crowd
Song and jest and laughter loud.
Oft amid the changing scene,
With their calm contrasting mien,
Plain, drab-coated Quakers moved,
Sterling townsmen tried and proved,
From their haunts on sea and shore
Vanished now forevermore."

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For

Fraught with Woman's hopes and fears
Were the long and weary years
When the Mothers, Daughters, Wives,
Lived, like me, their waiting lives:
True of heart and sound of mind
These, my flowers of woman-kind:
May their fame, your Sacred Trust,
Bloom forever from the dust!"

Hebert

For latest version, see envelope. 1 proof

Latest Version

A Song of the Gray Mother.

"Ay, talk to your gray mother that bore you on her knees!"

Kipling.

A Song of The English

By her sapphire ocean-gates,
Wistful-eyed, the ~~Matron~~ *Mother* waits
For her own long-scattered brood,
For her children of the blood;
Far beyond the changeful tide,
Over western prairies wide,
Over snow-crowned mountain peaks,
Flies her yearning thought and seeks
You- the wanderers that stray
From her ~~fold~~ *fold* so far away;

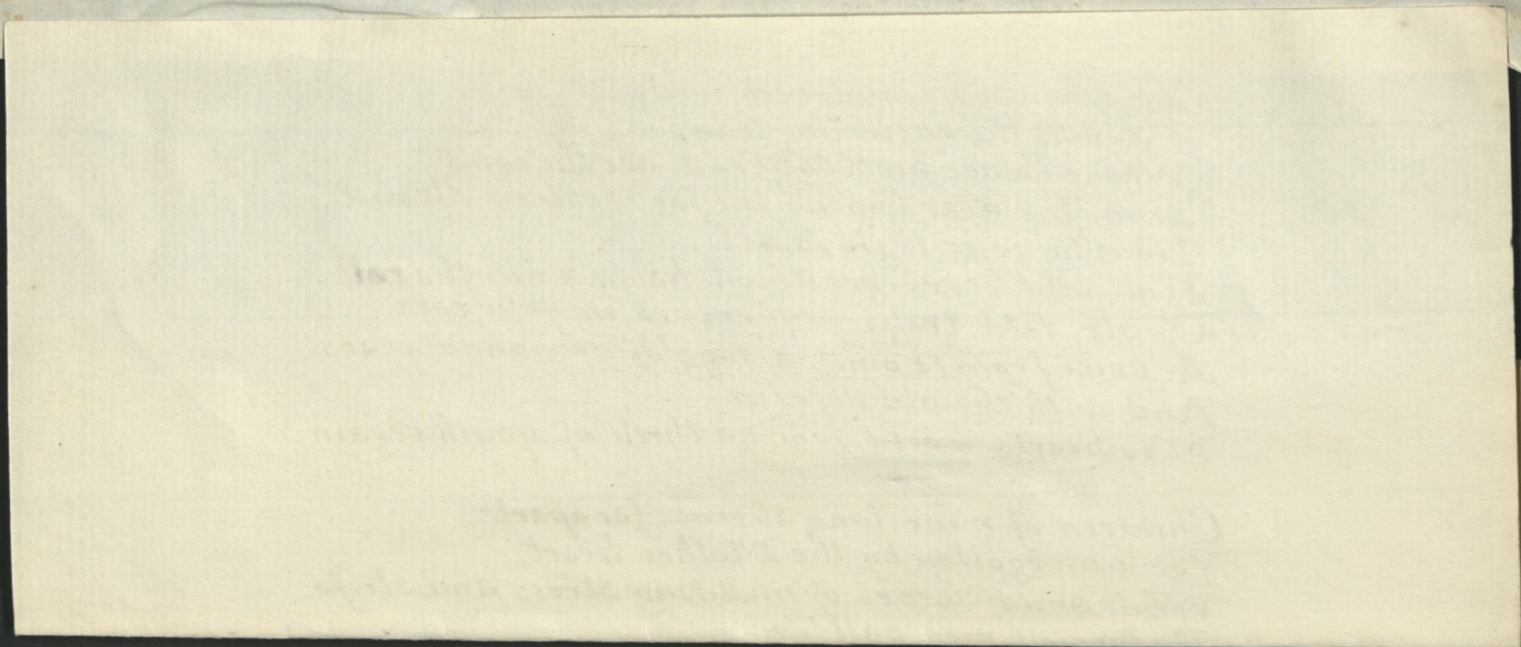
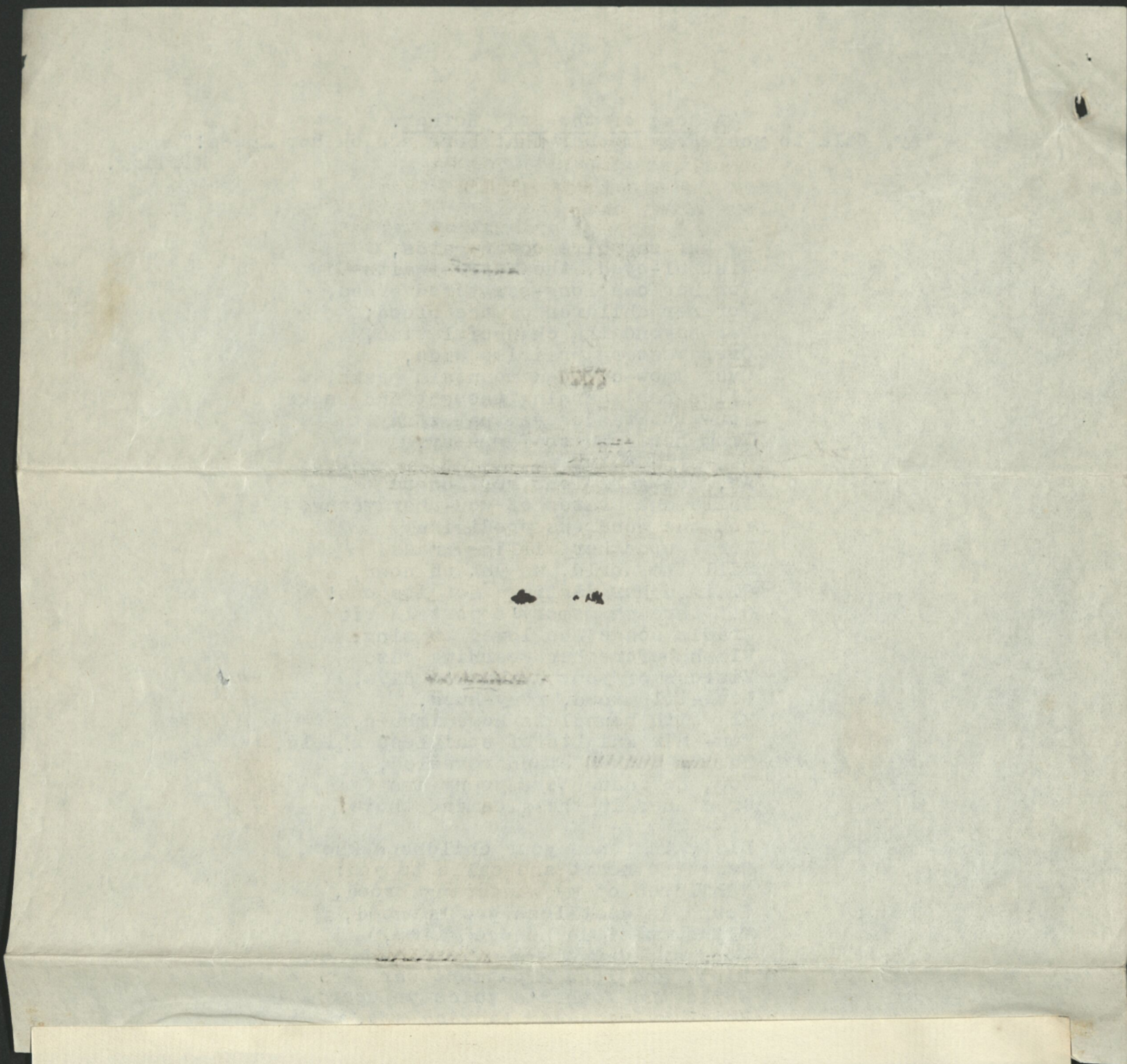
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Ah, how garrulous her tongue
While she prates of you- her young,
You the wondrous prodigies
Borne upon her willing knees
Till the world, as yet unknown,
Claimed her darlings for its own!
Oft through memory's portals ring
Cradle songs she loved to sing;
Flash before her yearning gaze
Visions of your ~~ancestral~~ *childhood* days;
Love-illuminated, rosy-hued,
Big with boundless hope imbued,
You- her knights of stainless shield,
her vision To ~~the~~ *stand* revealed,
You, her daughters young and fair,
Greet her in the gloaming there!

List, in tones your childhood knew,
Heart to heart she calls to you:
"Children of my wandering brood,
Bound in deathless brotherhood,
~~Clansmen of an honored line,~~
~~Sons and daughters of my race,~~
List, and lend a patient ear
While the Mother's voice ye hear;
This Brief my message; lacking art,
Speak I straightway from the heart:

Ye who have wandered wide
Beyond the encircling tide,
Whose homes are scattered o'er the land
From the near Cape to the far western strand,
Now to your legions all
Hail and heart-greeting! haply, amid the rill
Of strident traffic, murmurs in your ears
A voice from ~~Home~~ *Home*, a song of vanished years,
And with the old refrain
Your ~~May~~ *days* (hearts ~~worn~~) a thrill of youth regain!

Children of mine, long absent, far apart,
Yet unforgotten by the Mother-heart,
While amid scenes of madding stress and strife,
(The turmoil men call life,
Your spirits yearn to one loved spot of earth,
The island of your birth,
Away with brooding, let the heart's will prevail,
Fare forth once more adown the olden trail,
O'er the familiar sea
To the calm haven where ye fain would be!



Then ~~How~~ my brave old island town
 Gained her glorious renown
 For a staunch, ~~and mighty~~ fleet: *world-famous*
 Then along each bustling street
 Moved a strange and motley throng;
 Veteran ~~and strong~~, *captains, hale*
 Sailors from far western strands;
 Dusky sons of Afric lands;
 Silent Indians, grouped apart;
 Merchants of the busy mart;
 Radiant maidens, trimly clad:
 Many a gallant sailor lad
 Seaward bound, or home-returned,
 With his four years' wage hard-earned;
 Oft, amid the changing scene,
 With their calm, contrasting mien,
 Plain, drab-coated Quakers moved,
 Sterling townsmen, tried and proved;
 From their haunts on sea and shore
 Vanished now forevermore;

women's
 Fraught with ~~and~~ hopes and fears
 Were the long and weary years
 When the mothers, daughters, wives
 Lived, like me, their waiting lives;

*Watching through long winter gales
 For the gleam of homeward sails; homing
 'Mid the stress of hope deferred,
 Praying for the longed-for word
 Flashed from out the mystery
 Of the grey, unmindful sea."*

The Outlook

(Maiden)

What spyest from thy house-top loft,
 O, ancient marinere,
 Hast sighted yet my good ship Hope
 That sailed out yesteryear?

(Old Man)

black
 I see a ~~dark~~, dismantled hulk
 Deep sunk on yonder shoal;
 Her crew? Alas, the ~~tyrant~~ sea *hungry*
 Hath garnered every soul!

(Maiden)

Canst thou discern my castles grand
 On yon far hills of Spain?
 And will my youth's possessions there
 One day be mine again?

(Old Man)

E'en as the fog-banks' pinnacles
Melt in the mid-day air,
So have thy castles crumbled all
And left no remnant there.

(Maiden)

Pray canst thou see my true-love's bark
On yonder smiling sea,
And wilt thou tell what blessed wind
Shall waft him back to me?

(Old Man)

Alas, Thy true-love cometh not
On smiling sea or shore;
The gallant ship that bore him hence
Will come back nevermore!

Time stayeth not, so swift the years have flown,
And many a change ~~my~~ island realm hath known;
Her ships are vanished from the western seas,
Where once their canvas bent to every breeze:
Her stalwart captains tread their decks no more:
Her hardy whalemens to the unknown shore
Long since departed; on her peaceful streets
A stranger throng my wondering vision greets:
All, all is changed: yet deem not, ~~ye who mourn,~~ *ye who mourn,*
Heart's love lies dead, by time and space out-~~grown,~~ *worn*
Still at her vigil by the seaward gates,
The yearning Mother for her children waits,
And, waiting, dreams of all her vanished host:
At memory's call returning to her coast:
Her gallant boys, in suits of faded blue,
Who kept their faith, to God and Country true;
Who bore the deathless Flag through flood and field,
Till Freedom's bond in martyr's blood was sealed;
Oft in her dreams remembered forms arise,
Faces alight, with ~~hopeful-earnest~~ *hopeful-earnest* eyes;
They of the legion, who, with tireless hand,
Bore Learning's wakening torch through all the land;
With summer winds ~~from out the void they come,~~
Like migrant birds, in eager flight for home;
Clear to her view, with faces all aglow,
They near the port- her Land-of-Long-Ago."

(Old Man)
I'm an old fisherman, pines for
Walt in the mid-day sun,
So have my oarsmen crumpled all
And left no remnant there.

(Old Man)
I've seen them see my stone-love's bark
On yonder smiling sea,
And will then tell what pleased wind
Shall wait him back to me.

(Old Man)
Alas, the stone-love cannot not
On sailing sea or shore;
The stone-love cannot not
With stone and sea and shore.

Time always not, the swift the years have flown,
And many a change of fate has been known;
Her smile and voice from the western sea,
Where once their canvas bent to every breeze;
The stone-love cannot not, their looks no more;
Her heart, what then to the unknown shore
John since departed; on her successful stroke
A stranger then my wandering vision took;
All, all is changed; yet does not, the stone-love
Her stone-love dead, by time and space out-
Still at her sight by the seaward gate,
The stone-love's heart for her still white
At some point of time, to the stone-love
Her stone-love, the stone-love of the stone-love
Who kept their light, to God and Country true;
Who bore the deathless flame through flood and field,
Till the stone-love's hand in martyr's blood was sealed;
Off in her breast remembered stone-love
Faces alive, with stone-love's eyes;
They of the living, with stone-love's hand,
Here the stone-love's work, through all the land;
Like stone-love's hand, in water light for home;
Glow to her view, with stone-love's glow,
They near the point, the stone-love's glow.

The Buoy-bell.

What sound floats in from the sea tonight
Over meadows bathed in the sunset light?

Bell on 'Tis a ~~voice from some far cloud-land~~ h
~~singing, mournfully singing.~~
telling *telling?*

What sound rings over the Isle tonight
From the outer bar with its crest of white?
'Tis the shriek of a demon in his flight
Clanging, dismally clanging!

What sound drifts in from the sea tonight?
'Tis the cry of a soul bereft of sight:
Alas, for that spirit's hapless plight,
Moaning, drearily moaning!

What sound swells over the fields tonight
On the silver tide of the pale moonlight?
'Tis a choir of the blest in regions bright,
Chanting, joyfully chanting!

"Ye that call me Mother still,
True and loyal to my will,
Be your hearth-stones east or west
Hear and heed my fond behest:
May the blood that thrills your veins
Bind ye as with golden chains
Each to each; all wealth beyond
Shall ye hold that sacred bond;
Wanderers by sea and land,
Kinsmen, love and understand!*

Sons, far scattered O'er the earth,
Daughters of the Island birth,
Faithful still, though far apart
From the lonely mother-heart,
Take her blessing, nor forget,
(Since ye own the sacred debt,)
Ye shall pay in love the price
Of her life-long sacrifice;
Fitting tribute shall ye bring
To ~~for~~ her heart, long hungering:
Be your gifts both rich and sweet,
Lay them humbly at her feet;"

THEIR MOURNFUL MONOTONE.

Loved faces come to her in dreams
Their voices charm her ears,
And all her daily burden seems
A tale of bygone years.



The Buey-bell.

What sound floats in from the sea tonight
Over meadows bathed in the sunset light?
'Tis a voice from some far island height,
Singing, mournfully singing.

What sound rings over the lake tonight
From the outer bar with its crest of white?
'Tis the shriek of a demon in his flight
Clanging, diabolically clanging!

What sound drifts in from the sea tonight?
'Tis the cry of a soul bereft of light:
Alas, for that spirit's hapless flight,
Mourning, drearily mourning!

What sound swells over the fields tonight
On the silver side of the pale moonlight?
'Tis a choir of the blest in regions bright,
Chanting, joyfully chanting!

"You that call me Mother still,
Time and love to my will,
Be your heart's-afloat east or west:
Hear and heed my fond request:
May the blood that throbs in your veins
Bind yours with golden chains
Each to each: all wealth beyond
Shall ye hold that sacred bond:
Wanderers by sea and land,
Kinemen, love and understand!"

From the lonely mother-heart,
Faithful still, though far apart,
Take her blessing, nor forget,
(Since ye own the sacred debt)
Ye shall pay in love the price
Of her life-long sacrifice:
Living tribute shall ye bring
For her heart, long hungering:
Be your gifts both rich and sweet,
Lay them humbly at her feet!"

They near the port - her Land-of-Long-Ago.

"Spirit of Love, all-potent still and kindly,
Hear thou mine even-song;
Guard thou my children, lest they stumble blindly
Life's devious path's among;

Be thou their guide amid the great world yonder,
And over the trackless foam;
Teach them to know that, whereso'er they wander,
My heart still calls them home;

When tempests rage, and ~~clouds hang darkly o'er~~ ^{clouds hang darkly o'er} them,
Be thou their beacon light, ^{that bore}
Bid them sail on until the land ~~appears~~ ^{that bore} them
Looms ~~Southward~~ ^{radiant to} their sight!"

Still beside her ~~blue-sea~~ ^{sapphire} gates
Gray and worn, the Mother waits;
Evermore the rhythmic song
^{far-off} Of the white-plumed ~~ocean~~ throng
Sounds unto her aged ears
Like the dirge of bygone years;
Still by night her beacons burn
Lest some wanderer return,
After storm and shipwreck past,
To her waiting arms at last;
Throned as fits an ancient queen
In her sea-girt realm serene,
Still she gazeth, wistful-eyed,
Far beyond the changeful tide,
As the crimson sun, cloud-free,
Sinks below the western sea.

End here.

The Mother Isle *Detached*

Set like a jewelled crescent rare
Amid the encircling seas,
There is an island realm more fair
Than charmed Hesperides.

From Spring's first breath upon her plains
To Autumn's lingering hours,
In royal robes the Matron reigns
^{With} ~~And~~ crown of myriad flowers,

Far-wandering winds forever haunt
^{Her} Heath-clad moorlands lone,
Around her shores the wild waves chaunt
Their mournful monotone.

Loved faces come to her in dreams
Their voices charm her ears,
And all her daily burden seems
A tale of bygone years.

O, Mother Isle, though far apart
On alien land or sea,
We hear the message of thy heart
That calls us back to thee!

End

"Looms forth their sight!"
Bid them sail or untill the land
He show their beacon light,
When tempests rage, and ~~the sea~~
~~clouds hang darkly o'er~~

Ye have heard the tale oft told
How my sons in days of old,
Scorning lands, mens lives of ease,
Dared the lonely, utmost seas,
Sturdy youth and toilworn age
Shared the whaleman's heritage,
While through long and homeless years,
Sailed they, worn 'twixt hopes and fears,
Yet undaunted, day by day
Following the mammoth prey.

"Loose their sails at night!"
Bid them sail on until the land
Be thou their beacon light,
When tempests rage, and ~~the~~
~~loose their sails at night!~~

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Ye that call me Mother still,
True and loyal to my will,
Be your hearthstones East or West,
Hear and heed my fond behest;
May the blood that thrills your veins
Bind ye, as with golden chains,
Each to each: all wealth beyond
Shall ye hold that sacred bond;
Wanderers by sea and land,
Kinsmen, love and understand!

Sons, far-scattered o'er the earth,
Daughters of the Island birth,
Faithful still, though far apart
From the yearning Mother heart,
Take her blessing, nor forget
(Since ye owe the sacred debt)
Ye shall pay in love the price
Of her lifelong sacrifice;
Fitting tribute shall ye bring
For her heart, long hungering,
Be your gifts both rich and sweet
Lay them humbly at her feet!"

"Spirit of Love, all-potent, wise and kindly,
Hear thou mine evensong;
Guard thou my dear ones lest they stumble
Earth's devious paths among, blindly
Be thou their guide amid the great world
And o'er the trackless foam, yonder,
Teach them to know that, whereso'er they
My heart still calls them home, wander,
When tempests rage, and shadows deep envelop
Be thou their beacon light, them,
Bid them sail on until the land foretold
Looms forth upon their sight." them

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Still beside her blue sea gates,
 Gray and worn, The Matron waits;
 Evermore the rhythmic song
 Of the white-plumed ocean throng
 Sounds unto her aged ears
 Like the dirge of bygone years;
 Still by night her beacons burn,
 Lest some ~~prodigal~~ ^{wanderer} return,
 After storm and shipwreck past,
 To her waiting arms at last;
~~oft through Autumn's golden haze~~
~~visions of long vanished days~~
~~flash before her; phantom hosts~~
~~hover round her lonely coasts;~~
 Throned as fits an ancient queen
 In her island realm serene,
 Still she gazeth, wistful-eyed,
 Far beyond the changeful tide,
 As the crimson sun, cloud-free,
 Sinks below the western sea.

The Mother Isle

Set like a jewelled crescent rare
 Amid the encircling seas,
 There is an island realm more fair
 Than charmed Hesperides.

From Spring's first breath upon her plains
 To Autumn's lingering hours,
 In royal robes the Matron reigns
 And crown of myriad flowers.

^{Far-} ~~The~~ wandering ~~sea~~ winds ^{forever} ~~loudly~~ haunt
^{heath-clad} Her moorland ~~valleys~~ lone,
 Around her shores the wild waves chaunt
 Their mournful monotone.

Loved faces come to her in dreams
 Their voices charm her ears,
 And all her daily burden seems
 A tale of bygone years.

O, Mother Isle, though far apart
 On alien land or sea,
 We hear the message of thy heart
 That calls us back to thee!



To The Old South Bell.

on in 1810 by Jose Domingues da Costa, and was one of a chime of six made for a convent in that city. It was purchased by Capt. Charles Clasby, of the U. S. Navy, and was hung in its present position in the tower of the Unitarian Church in 1815.

Thy massive form was founded
In old historic time,
Thy earliest notes resounded
In far-off southern clime;
Thy mellow tones sonorous
That sweetly vibrate o'er us
Erst swelled the solemn chorus
Of old monastic chime.

With measured beat thou tollest
The knell of passing hour,
Time's endless change thou rollest
From out thy stately tower;
To old tradition clinging,
Each joyous matin ringing,
Thy last sweet anthem singing
As night's deep shadows lower.

Within my memory blended
Through many a waking dream,
As thy soft tones descended,
Most human did they seem;
Like voice of mother yearning
When sunset fires are burning,
To greet her sons returning
As earliest home-lights gleam.

When Autumn winds are moaning
Across the moorlands drear,
Night's fleeting hours intoning,
Thou soundest low and clear.
Sad tones as of the dying,
Or like the wind-harp sighing,
From harbor bell replying
Fall on the listening ear.

When the Fire-fiend holds his revels,
And fiercely sweeping down
With hosts of famished devils
Invades the sleeping town,
Thou wak'st from dreamy languor,
And ever, with hoarser clangor,
Wieldest the brazen hanger
Beneath thy quivering crown.

Old Bell, thy children pledge thee
From many a distant land;
May all good angels hedge thee
From fierce destroyer's hand.
Whatever fate betide us,
Though boundless seas divide us,
Still may thy sweet voice guide us
To reach the sunlit strand!

H. S. W.



E'en now may fancy's eye behold
Their battered hulks forlorn
Loom forth as bravely as of old
Against the golden morn!

See where they rise, oh, wondrous
Above the horizon's verge
Like sea-fowl, as in homeward
They boom across the surge

Now one by one they round the
Beyond the foaming bar,—
Blow winds, and voice the sails
Home-coming from afar!

And hark! upon the inward ear
The captain's ringing call:
"Ready about there—make a
Now let your anchor fall!"



of the Fleet.

boys, and furl all sail—
 Now, aft and fore;
 At the starboard rail
 Way for shore!"

aste and rivalry
 The brave old fleet;
 Out out, and presently
 Lured hearts will meet.

the wharf; the waiting crowd
 Gazed with eager zest,
 As gaze, or greeting loud
 Lying moods attest.

Here the proud matron greets her mate,
 His long, long voyage o'er;
 And some with wistful faces wait
 For those that come no more.

See yonder men of dusky face
 That neither speak nor smile;
 Time was when sachems of their race
 Owned all this sea-girt isle!

Negroes and swarthy Portuguese
 In motley groups they come,
 Brave, hardy toilers of the seas,
 That earn their welcome home.

As on the old familiar heath
 With rolling gait they tread,
 Enough for them dry land beneath
 And blue sky over head.

Now stragglers from each whaler's crew
 At shop doors lag awhile,
 With sea yarns old, yet ever new,
 They landsmen's ears beguile.

Night falls; from yonder sail-loft steals
 A gay, unwonted strain,
 While to the fiddle's rhythmic squeals
 All dance with might and main!

Swift back and forth, and round about
 Brave lads with lasses whirl,
 Each laying out the longest route
 To pilot home his girl.

To many a wild and witching air
 The fiddler wields his bow,
 As jig and reel and hornpipe rare
 Alternate ebb and flow.

But lo! a deepening golden gleam
 Illumes the eastern sky;
 Disperse, ye creatures of a dream,
 Pale ghosts of days gone by!

* * * * *

My vision fades; vanished the fleet
 With all its phantom crew.
 On lonely wharf and silent street
 No sign of life I view.

H. S. W.

NANTUCKET, JANUARY, 1895.

E'en now may fancy's eye behold
 Their battered hulks forlorn
 Loom forth as bravely as of old
 Against the golden morn!

See where they rise, oh, wondrous sight,
 Above the horizon's verge
 Like sea-fowl, as in homeward flight
 They boom across the surge!

Now one by one they round the buoy
 Beyond the foaming bar,—
 Blow winds, and voice the sailor's joy
 Home-coming from afar!

And hark! upon the inward ear
 The captain's ringing call:
 'Ready about there—make all clear—
 Now let your anchor fall!"

H. S. W.



To The Old Sou

on in 1810 by Jose Domingues da Costa, and
ish, dedicating it "To the good Jesus of the
island, where it was hung in its present position

Thy massive form was founded
In old historic time,
Thy earliest notes resounded
In far-off southern clime ;
Thy mellow tones sonorous
That sweetly vibrate o'er us
Erst swelled the solemn chorus
Of old monastic chime.

With measured beat thou tollest
The knell of passing hour,
Time's endless change thou rollest
From out thy stately tower ;
To old tradition clinging,
Each joyous matin ringing,
Thy last sweet anthem singing
As night's deep shadows lower.

Within my memory blended
Through many a waking dream,
As thy soft tones descended,
Most human did they seem ;
Like voice of mother yearning
When sunset fires are burning,
To greet her sons returning
As earliest home-lights gleam.

Sad tones as of the dying,
Or like the wind-harp sighing,
From harbor bell replying
Fall on the listening ear.

When the Fire-fiend holds his revels,
And fiercely sweeping down
With hosts of famished devils
Invades the sleeping town,
Thou wak'st from dreamy languor,
And ever, with hoarser clangor,
Wieldest the brazen hanger
Beneath thy quivering crown.

Old Bell, thy children pledge thee
From many a distant land ;
May all good angels hedge thee
From fierce destroyer's hand.
Whatever fate betide us,
Though boundless seas divide us,
Still may thy sweet voice guide us
To reach the sunlit strand !

H. S. W.

Awake, ye winds of legendry
Bring hither, as ye blow,
The ships that sailed this an
One hundred years ago !

Go forth, and fill their time-
Of many a storm the spo
And speed them with encha
To this, their ancient port

Bring back the sailor-men th
Their decks in days of yo
And let them tread their na
With kith and kin once m

E'en now may fancy's eye b
Their battered hulks forl
Loom forth as bravely as o
Against the golden morn

See where they rise, oh, w
Above the horizon's ver
Like sea-fowl, as in homev
They boom across the s

Now one by one they roun
Beyond the foaming bar
Blow winds, and voice the
Home-coming from afar

And hark ! upon the inwa
The captain's ringing ca
' Ready-about there—mal
Now let your anchor fa

A Vision of the Fleet.

Awake, ye winds of legendry—
Bring hither, as ye blow,
The ships that sailed this ambient sea
One hundred years ago!

Go forth, and fill their time-worn sails—
Of many a storm the sport,
And speed them with enchanted gales
To this, their ancient port;

Bring back the sailor-men that trod
Their decks in days of yore,
And let them tread their native sod
With kith and kin once more!

E'en now may fancy's eye behold
Their battered hulks forlorn
Loom forth as bravely as of old
Against the golden morn!

See where they rise, oh, wondrous sight,
Above the horizon's verge
Like sea-fowl, as in homeward flight
They boom across the surge!

Now one by one they round the buoy
Beyond the foaming bar,—
Blow winds, and voice the sailor's joy
Home-coming from afar!

And hark! upon the inward ear
The captain's ringing call:
'Ready about there—make all clear—
Now let your anchor fall!"

"Aloft there, boys, and furl all sail—
Brail up, now, aft and fore;
Make ready at the starboard rail
To pull away for shore!"

Now all is haste and rivalry
Aboard the brave old fleet;
The boats put out, and presently
Long-sundered hearts will meet.

They reach the wharf; the waiting crowd
Press forward with eager zest,
With anxious gaze, or greeting loud
Their varying moods attest.

Here the proud matron greets her mate,
His long, long voyage o'er;
And some with wistful faces wait
For those that come no more.

See yonder men of dusky face
That neither speak nor smile;
Time was when sachems of their race
Owned all this sea-girt isle!

Negroes and swarthy Portuguese
In motley groups they come,
Brave, hardy toilers of the seas,
That earn their welcome home.

As on the old familiar heath
With rolling gait they tread,
Enough for them dry land beneath
And blue sky over head.

Now stragglers from each whaler's crew
At shop doors lag awhile,
With sea yarns old, yet ever new,
They landsmen's ears beguile.

Night falls; from yonder sail-loft steals
A gay, unwonted strain,
While to the fiddle's rhythmic squeals
All dance with might and main!

Swift back and forth, and round about
Brave lads with lasses whirl,
Each laying out the longest route
To pilot home his girl.

To many a wild and witching air
The fiddler wields his bow,
As jig and reel and hornpipe rare
Alternate ebb and flow.

But lo! a deepening golden gleam
Illumes the eastern sky;
Disperse, ye creatures of a dream,
Pale ghosts of days gone by!

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With all its phantom crew.
On lonely wharf and silent street
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H. S. W.

NANTUCKET, JANUARY, 1895.

The "Island Home."

This boat, placed on the route between Nantucket and Woods Hole in 1855, continued running until 1895, when she was sold in Boston and converted into a coal barge. Capt. Nathan Manter was identified with the "Island Home" from first to last, and it is stated that *never once* during forty years did he fail to report for service. A record surely worthy of commemoration.

They have stripped her of all adorning
From stem unto rounded stern,
And never again shall the hapless hulk
To her wonted port return;

No more will her faded union
Float out on the summer breeze;
No more will her paddles plough the foam
Amid these ambient seas.

How oft hath she voyaged worldward
With youth in its hope and pride;
How blithe would her bell peal forth at morn,
To welcome a new-made bride!

Now peace to the faithful spirit
That rests from the wreathing foam,
And here's to the name and well-won fame
Of the staunch old Island Home!

Full well might the stranded coaster,
Fast bound on the raging bar,
Take heart of grace as the gallant boat
Loomed white o'er the floods afar.

Like a brant would she ride on the billows,
And fling the white foam from her rail,
And well would she forge through the crumbling floes
In the teeth of a wintry gale,

For she knew the touch of her master,
With Manter's firm hand at the wheel,
And she bent to his will with an answering thrill
Along her stalwart keel.

H. S. W.

As
Deliverance
Name of

The Life Savers.

While yonder flashing light
Still pierced the wintry night,
Far in the distance,
Lights from a stranded ship,
Out on the fearful rip,
Waved for assistance.

There, hard and fast, she lay,
As ~~When~~ one at break of day
Alarmed the station.
Ah, there was action then;
Chase and his ~~doughtless~~ *gallant* men
Need no probation!

Rang out his thrilling call,
"Up! Man the life-boat all!"
Promptly obeying,
Launched they in eager haste,
Far o'er that seething waste
Their dread course laying.

Rounding the deadly shoals,
Found they seven hapless souls
To ratlines clinging.
How drooping spirits rose
Only the sailor knows,
Deliverance — ~~Glad rescue~~ bringing.

Soon all were safe aboard;
(How the fierce breakers roared,
Baffled, defeated!)
Gladly our gallant men
Bent to the oars again,
All snugly seated.

How seems all language tame,
Fitly to sound their fame
In song or story;
To those that battle well —
Shrink not from gates of Hell —
Be endless glory.

Name of the shoal where the vessel struck.

*Lord, as in days of yore,
Still Thou the waves once more
And linger near them;
Keep their o'erladen boat,
Freighted with souls, afloat,
And shoreward steer them!*

Full three and twenty hours
Battled these hardy rowers,
And, when they landed,
Speechless and numb with cold,
All that their aspect told
Homage commanded.

Soon beat their pulses higher,
Warmed by each 'Sconset fire,
Cheerily burning;
Never storm-beaten crew
More hearty welcome knew
On their returning.

Scorn they to idly boast,
Back haste they to their post,
And lone watch-keeping.
still Honor to ~~these~~ brave hearts,
Acting heroic parts
While we lie sleeping!

* * * * *

Lo, the gray mist shuts down
O'er the dread Rose and Crown!*
There, racked and mangled,
Lies the once gallant bark;
Soon naught her fate shall mark
Save wreckage tangled.

H. S. W.

H. S. W.

To the old Windmill

Last of thy race, once more with glad some greeting
I tread thine ancient hill,
Where, mid the storm and stress of ages fleeting,
Thou standest, calm and still,
Like storied Sphinx, inscrutable and stately,
Guarding thy secrets well
From thy lone height thou lookest forth sedately
A steadfast Sentinel.

From sturdy oaks, like those that flourished near thee
Thy timbers stout were hewn;
Where are the woods, and they who came to rear thee
In some forgotten June?
Couldst thou recount their tales of toil and danger
On alien sea and land,
How wouldst thou hold enthralled the curious stranger,
And rightful toll demand?

Thou seem'st the wizard of an isle enchanted
Beneath the moon's pale light;
And all the air with phantom forms is haunted,
That scarce elude my sight.
Thy ponderous beam, so oft that circled round thee,
I shall be the magic wand
Wherewith I conjure from the fields that bound thee
A host of memories fond.

Of all thy race thou art the last remaining
Of all thy race of yore;
From palmy days of yore,
Lord of thy hill-top, thou alone art reigning
Supreme from shore to shore;
Let vandal hands presume not to deface thee,
Or mar thy outlines bold,
For never may the skill of man replace thee,
Nor power of wealth untold.



Dream ever of long ago.

Serene and
~~Lo a vision~~ bright to my yearning sight,
 Illumed by the sun's last beams,
 The gray town lies under glowing skies,
 Enwrapped in its old-time dreams!

My fancy greets in the silent streets
 Each old familiar face—

Fond Sweet memories throng as I stroll along
 By each time-worn dwelling place.

The wild surf roars on the outer shores,
 Where it beats on the yielding sands,
 And I hear a moan in the undertone
 As it rolls from distant lands.

God speed my bark through the midnight dark
 Till the homeward beacon gleams—
 Safe port I'll make and refuge take
 In my beautiful Isle of Dreams!



How luminous the scene! The heavens all spread with light;
E'en in the south the sombre clouds catch at the red,
And fringe themselves. The west, all vivid and all bright,
Meanwhile, gleams on with shining inward glory fed.

From cap

My Isle of Dreams.

Afar from the strife of the great world's life,
Lies the isle that my boyhood knew—
From cape to ~~By each wave-worn~~ cape is her hammock shape
~~Out-swung o'er~~ the ocean's blue.

on
On her peaceful breast is a realm of rest
For the weary ones of earth,
And to all who reach her tranquil beach
She giveth a newer birth.

In her balmy air is a perfume rare,
As from heavenly gardens blown,
while ~~When~~ in Summer hours bloom myriad flowers
On her moorlands weird and lone.

Time loiters awhile in that slumbrous isle,
With lingering step and slow,
And they that dwell 'neath its drowsy spell
Dream ever of long ago.

Serene and
~~Lo a vision~~ bright to my yearning sight,
Illumed by the sun's last beams,
The gray town lies under glowing skies,
Enwrapped in its old-time dreams!

Fond
My fancy greets in the silent streets
Each old familiar face—
~~Sweet~~ memories throng as I stroll along
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As it rolls from distant lands.

God speed my bark through the midnight dark
Till the homeward beacon gleams—
Safe port I'll make and refuge take
In my beautiful Isle of Dreams!

H. S. W.

At Sank^aoty Head.

Through rifted clouds the autumn sun shone o'er us,
The golden sheen trailed far ^{athwart} ~~across~~ the sea;
Beneath our feet the floods their ceaseless chorus
Were droning lazily.

The gleaming shore curved round the headland's base,
And bore along its marge a broidered hem,
Where breaking waves cast up their filmy lace,
Inwrought with many a gem.

Silent
~~sombre~~
Westward the ~~silent~~ moorland stretched away;
Far east and south old Ocean's boundless blue;
And over all the dreamful glamour lay—
Ancient—forever new!

H. S. W.

The Quaker.

In Memoriam, D. G. H.

Just to see him walking by,
One would say
All his thoughts beyond the sky
Dwell to-day.
Ne'er did form more chaste and neat
Tread this old familiar street,
With his face as mild and sweet
As the May.

Be the weather foul or fair,
Warm or cold,
Well-kept broad-brim doth he wear—
Age untold.
And his suit of sober hue,
(Ah, the changes since 'twas new !)
See his spotless neck-cloth, too,
Smooth its fold.

Ever in his wonted seat
Meeting-days ;
Silence oft doth seem most meet
For God's praise.
Staunch and zealous for the right,
Still he seeks for clearer sight,
Guided by the inner light
Thro' life's maze.

Was this mortal ever thus
Calm, serene ?
Did he never crave like us
Life's gay scene ?
Was his spirit ne'er possessed
With the demon of unrest ?
Would he not when sorely pressed
Worldward lean ?

Wrapped in many a waking dream
Oft sits he,
Calmly drifting down life's stream
Near the sea.
Wife and babes before him gone,
Patiently he lingers on
Till the turning flood at dawn
Sets him free.

H. S. W.

headland's base,
ed hem,
ilmy lace,

H. S. W.

The Auctioneer.

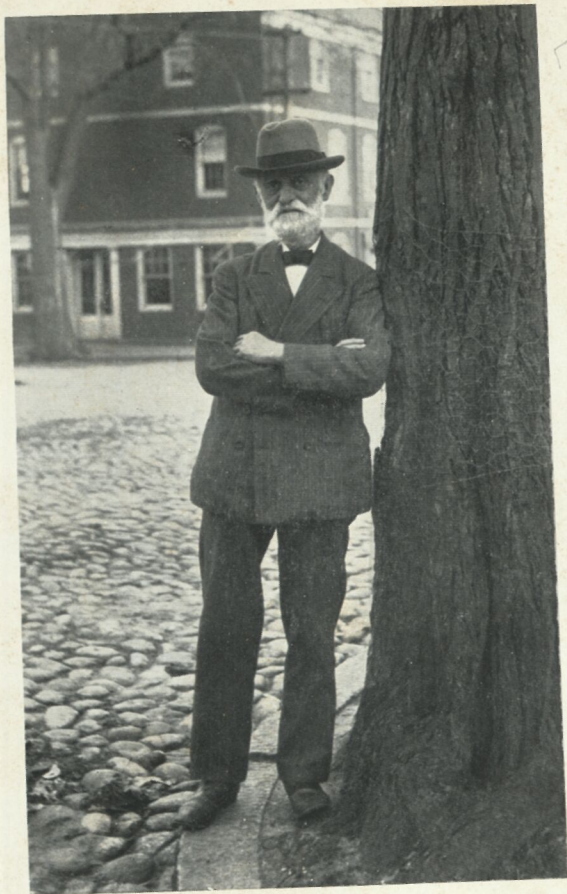
The veteran crier hath been his rounds,
Emitting hoarse, staccato sounds,
Coherent to the native ear,
To listening strangers not so clear;
"Big auction on the lower square!"
And see, the crowd is gathering there;
The clock strikes ten in yonder tower,
And, prompt upon the appointed hour,
The well-known figure, gray and spare,
His rostrum mounts - a backless chair.

Who may forget, once having seen,
This man of grave and sober mien,
A Puritan, you well might say,
In this old town's degenerate day,
But wait, and shortly you shall hear
His cheery voice, not loud, but clear,
Expelling each rare antique prize,
And mark the twinkle in his eyes,
When, bantered by a waggish guest,
He turns the point with jovial zest.

Behold, along the curbstone there,
The whole collection, quaint and rare,
Of household goods, all handed down
By ancient worthies of the town
For generations, till the last
Sole relic of the line has past
Beyond the portal! Nevermore
In the old homestead as of yore,
A trace to dreams, what's that he's selling?
A queer old rocker - age no telling;
Is that a phantom in it sitting?
A Quaker matron, calmly knitting?
Mc thinks this old mahogany table
Strange tales might tell; would it were able,
Ah, here's a motto, worked with beads;
"God bless our Home!" its legend reads.

What,
We on
Long
To we
How
Its
Far
That y

Dr. Lubin-glass, with picture on it



bonnet,
you see;
was he;
ell complete,
lean and sweet;
oak;
this for joke;
ant lies;
llabies!)

r-muss;
wear in this;
going? O. yes,
less!
with skill,
coffee mill;
real Delf-
yourself!)

It good as new;
for you."

half asleep;
too cheap;
all one lot;
don't pot;
Can I fill it,
d' skillet;
for you;
ary few."

What, twelve o'clock? old friend, adieu;
We owe a countless debt to you.
Long have you stood a friend in need
To widows, orphans in their need;
Your good right hand would scorn to tell
Its mate the trick of giving well:
Far be the day when all is done;
That finds you going, going—gone!"

The Auctioneer

The veteran cries
 Emitting hoarse,
 Coherent to the
 To listening strain
 "Big auction on
 And see, the
 The clock strike
 And, prompt up
 The well-know
 His rostrum

Who may forge
 This man of
 A Puritan, you
 A thin

But wait, and
 His cheery voice
 Extolling each va
 And mark the
 When, bantered
 He turns the

Behold, along the
 The whole colle
 Of household g
 By ancient wor
 For generations
 Some relic of
 Beyond the horizon

In the old homestead as of yore,
 A trace to dreams; what is that he is selling?
 A queer old rocker—age no telling;
 Is that a phantom in it sitting?
 A Quaker matron, calmly knitting?
 Methinks this old mahogany table
 Strange tales might tell; would it were able!
 Ah, here's a motto, worked with beads:
 "God bless our Home!" its legend reads.

This looking
 Of pretty
 An old
 A well-k
 "Next, high
 Two feat
 One baby
 Don't In
 Dreamles
 No need
 Two rolls
 There's tea
 One eight
 For fifty
 One wind
 And here
 Six old D
 (Madam, a
 Blue glas
 Now, Und
 "Come, friend
 These thing
 See here,
 One bull's
 One whale
 And this
 Now, Mr
 Such trea

What, twelve
 We owe a
 Long have
 To widows,
 How good
 Its mate
 Far be the
 That feeds

This looking-glass, with picture on it,
Of pretty maid in old poke-bonnet,
An old man's crutches here you see;
A well-known figure once was he.
"Next, high-post bedstead, all complete,
Two feather beds, both clean and sweet;
One baby's cradle, built of oak;
Don't smile; no subject this for joke;
Dreamless its former tenant lies;
No need of mother's lullabies!")
Two rolls rag carpet - hit or miss;
There's ten years more of wear in this;
One eight day clock: Eh, going? O yes,
For fifty dollars and no less!
One winding swift, inlaid with skill,
And here's Aunt Debby's coffee mill;
Six old Dutch plates - The real Delft -
(Madam, don't bid against yourself!)
Blue platter, cracked, but good as new;
Now, Underhill, a prize for you!"
"Come, friends, you must be half asleep;
These things are going far too cheap;
See here, I'll make these all one lot;
One bull's-eye lantern: gallon pot;
One whale oil lamp, with can to fill it,
And this unique three-legged skillet;
Now, Mr Dudley - chance for you;
Such treasures fall to very few."

What, twelve o'clock? old friend, adieu;
We owe a countless debt to you;
Long have you stood a friend in need
To widows, orphans in their need;
How good right hand would scorn to tell
Its mate the trick of giving well;
Far be the day when all is done;
That finds you going, going - gone!"

The Hardware Merchant

W.S.H. Jan. 1. 1899

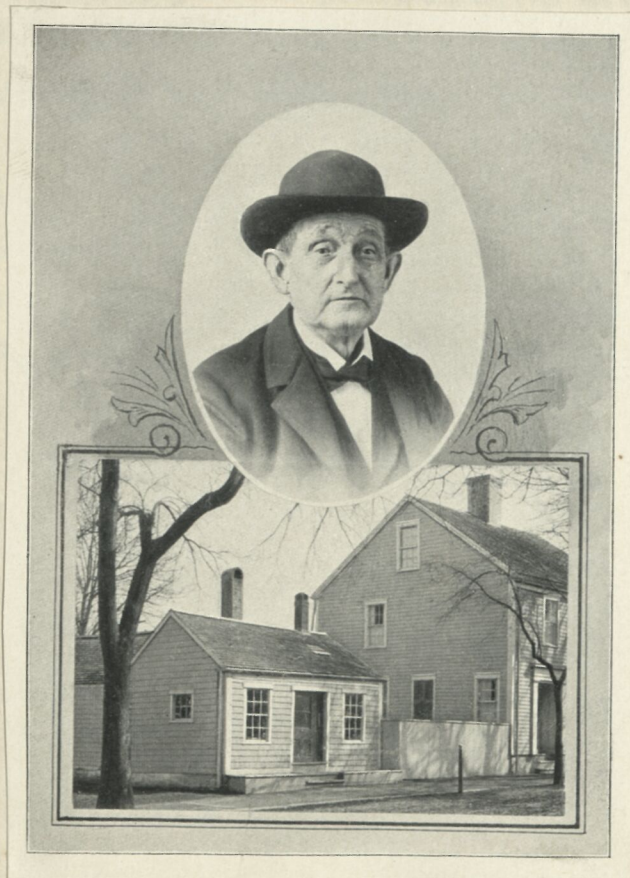
There by his lifelong dwelling
It stands, from roof to floor
The voiceful silence telling
Of him who comes no more;
There, by the glowing ember,
In life's clear, calm December,
How loved he to remember
Youth's voyage o'er and o'er!

As on its threshold lonely
With reverent step I tread,
To fancy's vision only
Looks forth his good gray head;
From rusty treasures olden,
To memory's charm beholden,
I catch the glamour golden
Of boyhood's days long dead.

On shelf and showcase lingers
Mid gathering dust and grime,
The trace of vanished fingers,
Rude ledger-marks of time;
This quaint repository
Well knows the oft-told story
Of old Nantucket's glory,
Her long departed prime.

Old friends and new sojourners
His genial favor knew;
Here youth might well be learners
And age gain brighter view;
Here doubt and cynic sneering
Met faith that knew not fearing,
Here came to wound his hearing
No idle, scurrile crew.

Last of the old-time Meeting
He lingered on the scene,
Nor failed his cheery greeting,
His calm and tranquil mien;
No children to caress him,
No priest had need confess him,
Ours evermore to bless him,
And keep his memory green.



The Knitter "Under the window."

True, she is sadly human,
A creature of time and place,
This queer old gentlewoman,
Widow, and last of her race,

White are the locks and scanty
That crown her wrinkled brow,
Befitting an ancient aunty
Like snow on a leafless bough,

Oft have ye seen her sitting
Snug in her rocking-chair,
Placidly plying her knitting
Under the window there.

Seemeth she brooding blindly,
Yet, as ^{her} ~~the~~ needles fly,
Keen is her glance and kindly,
Watching the passers by;

Heareth she every rumor
Borne on the ~~passing~~ breeze, ^{vagrant}
Her web of pathos and humor
Weaving with wondrous ease;

Oft in her fond day-dreaming
Riseth a vision fair,
A maiden with blue eyes beaming,
Ringlets of golden hair;

Forth from the old church yonder
She cometh, a new-made bride;
Ah, never were lovers fonder,
Stronger in hope and pride!

+ + + + +

Sta
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Staunch was the ship that seaward
Sailed out from the harbor shore,
Rounding the lighthouse leeward,
And came back - nevermore;

Long, long are the years of waiting,
In the anguish of hope deferred,
To a love that, unabating,
Pines for a living word;

But life is sweet, though lonely;
Time bringeth its healing balm
To a praying soul that only
Asketh for peace and calm;
With the ^{little} world around her
Bearing her patient part,
Never may doubts confound her,
Or daunt her childlike heart;

Still may ye see her sitting
Snug in her rocking-chair,
Placidly plying her knitting
Under the window there.

The Outlook

What spyest from thy house-top loft,
Mine ancient marinere,
Hast sighted yet my good Ship Hope
That sailed out yesteryear?

I see a dark, dismantled hulk
Sunk on yon deadly shoal;
Her crew? Alas, the tyrant sea
Hath garnered every soul!

Canst thou discern my castles grand
On yon fair shores of Spain,
And will my youth's possessions there
One Day ~~In~~ ^{be} mine again?

Even as the fog-bank's pinnacles
Melt in the mid-day air,
So have thy castles crumbled all,
And left no remnant there.

Pray, canst thou see my true-love's bark
On yonder smiling sea,
And canst thou tell what blessed wind
Shall waft him back to me?

Alas, thy true-love cometh not
On smiling sea or shore,
The gallant ship that bore him hence
Will come back - nevermore!

Embedded in A Song of the Gray Mother

The Buoy-Bell.

What sound floats in from the sea to-night,
O'er the meadows, bathed in the sunset light?
'Tis a voice from some far cloud-land height,
Singing, mournfully singing!

What sound rings over the Isle to-night,
From the outer bar with its crest of white?
'Tis the shriek of a demon in his flight,
Clanging, dismally clanging!

What sound drifts in from the sea to-night?
'Tis the cry of a soul bereft of sight;
Alas for that spirit's hapless plight,
Moaning, drearily moaning!

What sound swells over the fields to-night,
On the silver tide of the pale moonlight?
'Tis a choir of the blest in regions bright,
Chanting, joyfully chanting!

Introduced in A Song of The Gray Mother

The Blacksmith

There were mighty men of fair renown
In the palmy days of the ancient town,
When their staunch ships, more than a hundred sail,
Scoured every sea for the mammoth whale.
The blacksmith, then in his early prime,
Was a man of mark in that olden time,
For he worked at his anvil year by year,
And fitted the ships with whaling gear.
And no man could his skill deny,
As his lusty blows on the iron rang,
In a breezy voice he merrily sang
The queer refrain of an old time song;
(Its burden has been forgotten long)
"O, let us be honest here below,
For the wisest of all the rules we know
Is simply do as you'd be done by."

Full fifty years have ta'en their flight
Since the old forge fire was first alight;
The blacksmith's form stoops sadly now,
And deep are furrows on his brow;
With his grizzled beard and unkempt hair,
He seems a figure quaint and rare,
Such as the Flemish masters drew
With patient so firm and true.
Though the old man's day of rest draws nigh,
Still his sturdy strokes on the anvil ring,
And oft to himself will the blacksmith sing
The queer refrain of his ancient song;
(The world has scoffed at its lesson long)
"O, let us be honest here below,
For the wisest of all the rules we know
Is simply do as you'd be done by!"

Personal and Elegiac

THE LAST VOYAGE.

(In Memory of Capt. Henry Coleman.)

A veteran master, true and tried,
Hath sailed beyond our dim discerning—
Gone seaward with the ebbing tide,
Nor can we wish for his returning.

For O, his state were happier far,
Safe harbored in the port elysian.
Than ours who watched him o'er the bar
Through surging mists that veiled our vision.

Though cast in no heroic mold— *high*
This captain of the quaint old fashion—
He bore the stamp of sterling gold,
Made pure amid the fires of passion,

Yet he was human; ay, and knew
How prone is man to stumble blindly;
His charity the broader grew,
And kept his temper sweet and kindly.

Of simple habit, plain in speech,
In daily toil he found his pleasure;
He sighed for naught beyond his reach,
Nor set his heart on sordid treasure.

He loved the quiet harbor shore,
The meadow, sweet with blooming clover;
His native Isle to him was more
Than all the world he'd voyaged over.

Sermons he found in plant and stone
That touched him more than learned preaching;
Philosophy he called his own,
And asked no aid of college teaching.

A lifelong lover of his kind,
A faithful friend in time of trouble,
No malice bore this noble mind;
Its anger was a fleeting bubble.

Though far from crowds he held aloof,
He felt for every living creature,
And none that knew him lacked for proof
Of his benign, unselfish nature.

Lover of children, to his ears
No music matched their ringing laughter,
When ceased the flow of April tears
And sunshine followed quickly after.

The dumb beast, plodding o'er the road,
A friend and kindly comrade found him,
Such genial fellowship he showed
For humblest living things around him.

With trenchant satire would he rail
At follies of the world about him,
Yet held a faith that did not fail,
Though narrow minds were prone to doubt him.

From him might sated worldlings learn
The blessedness of simple living;
From false and cloying pleasures turn
To gracious gifts of Nature's giving.

What gentle dignity was his;
Humility that knew no feigning;
Old age, with sore infirmities,
Still found him calm and uncomplaining.

With steadfast patience could he stoop
To drink the bitter draught of sorrow;
Nor did his stalwart spirit droop,
But trusted in the brighter morrow.

If haply now upon his sight
The first faint gleam of dawn is breaking
Where, safe emerging from the night
In higher realms his soul is waking,

Then we who linger by the shore
Whereon Time's restless waves are beating,
May sometime see his face once more,
And hear the old, familiar greeting.

H. S. W. 1884

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Home-coming
In memory of R.B.G

Bring home your dead;
Leave fulsome praise unsaid;
No need of choir or solemn passing bell
To sound his funeral knell,
But gently lay him down to rest
As on a mother's breast;
No more for him are mortal toil or strife,
The stress of this world's life;
Unutterable calm,
As from the touch of wondrous healing balm,
Death fallen upon him;
Care and sorrow now
Vex not that peaceful brow;
As homeward fares he over the tranquil wave
Unto his quiet grave.

Leave eulogy unsaid;
He sleepeth whom we named as dead,
Ere long shall be a spotless mantle spread,
As by an angel's hand,
On hill and vale in all our seagirt land,
Fit covering for his bed;
Hushed now the gales that late with angry roar
Lashed sullen waves along the echoing shore,
And gently falling rain
Welcomes the tired wanderer home again.

In the awakening spring,
When earliest birds their jocund carols sing,
And all earth's pulses leap,
He too shall rouse as one from restful sleep,
Strong with the new life's breath,
And Love shall lead beyond the shining gate
To that fair realm where all his loved ones wait,
For Love shall conquer death.

To One of hallowed memory
E. C. 1894

She lived in calm humility
Her life of ceaseless labor;
In kindly deeds would she express
The love she bore her neighbor;

No suitor deigned to praise her face,
Though, from its every feature,
Beamed forth a sweet, benignant grace,
Born of her noble nature;

Unwritten was her simple creed;
No priest heard her confessing;
But many a soul in direst need
Her presence found a blessing.

No one had she to call her wife;
None lisp the name of mother,
She clasped unto her childless life
The offspring of another.

To willing ears came duty's call,
Her utmost zeal compelling;
Her sleepless conscience guarded all
The chambers of her dwelling.

When life's day darkened unto night,
With calm faith unabating
Her virgin lamp she kept alight
As for the Bridegroom waiting;

And when across her peaceful breast
The toil-worn hands were folded,
There seemed such beauty in her rest
As never sculptor moulded.

↪
In Memoriam - M.C.S.

Spirit from mortal bondage freed,
Who may not wish thee now God speed,
Mother in Israel indeed!

Pain and sorrow that left their trace
Deep on thy patient, kindly face,
Could not its sunshine all erase,

Long and well hast thou kept thy trust;
Thine be the treasures free from dust;
Yield they to neither moth nor rust;

+ +
Ye that strive for the good and pure,
Ye that pity the aged poor,
Long shall her honored name endure!

Lay her form in its lowly bed;
May the gentle spirit, homeward sped,
Soon with its own be comforted;

When from her dust the violets bloom,
Song-birds carol above her tomb,
Sunrise new may her path illumine!

IN MEMORIAM.

~~SON. S. M. BACHMANN~~

May 28th, 1891.

What ~~A~~ spell hangs o'er this cloudless day
That saddens all the heart of May;
Low ~~The~~ waves with muffled murmur play
Along the shore.

From yonder bar the restless bell
Sounds o'er the deep its mournful knell;
He who hath loved ~~our Isle so well~~ *the island*
Shall come no more!

No proud, world-weary one was he,
That from the haunts of men would flee,
And in his castle by the sea
Dwell far apart;
But one who yearned to all his kind,
And, by the magic of his mind,
From sordid dross pure gold refined
With subtle art.

Ah, who from memory may erase
The impress of his kindly face,
His genial speech, and courtly grace,
So free to all!
Not oft did plumed knight of old,
Whose deeds in tale and song are told,
His Master's standard so uphold
In field and hall.

• A Christian soldier, wise and good,
Amid the ranks of men he stood,
And claimed a common brotherhood
For high and low.
His was the all-embracing creed
That bore rich fruit in noble deed;
Full well did they in direst need
His bounty know!

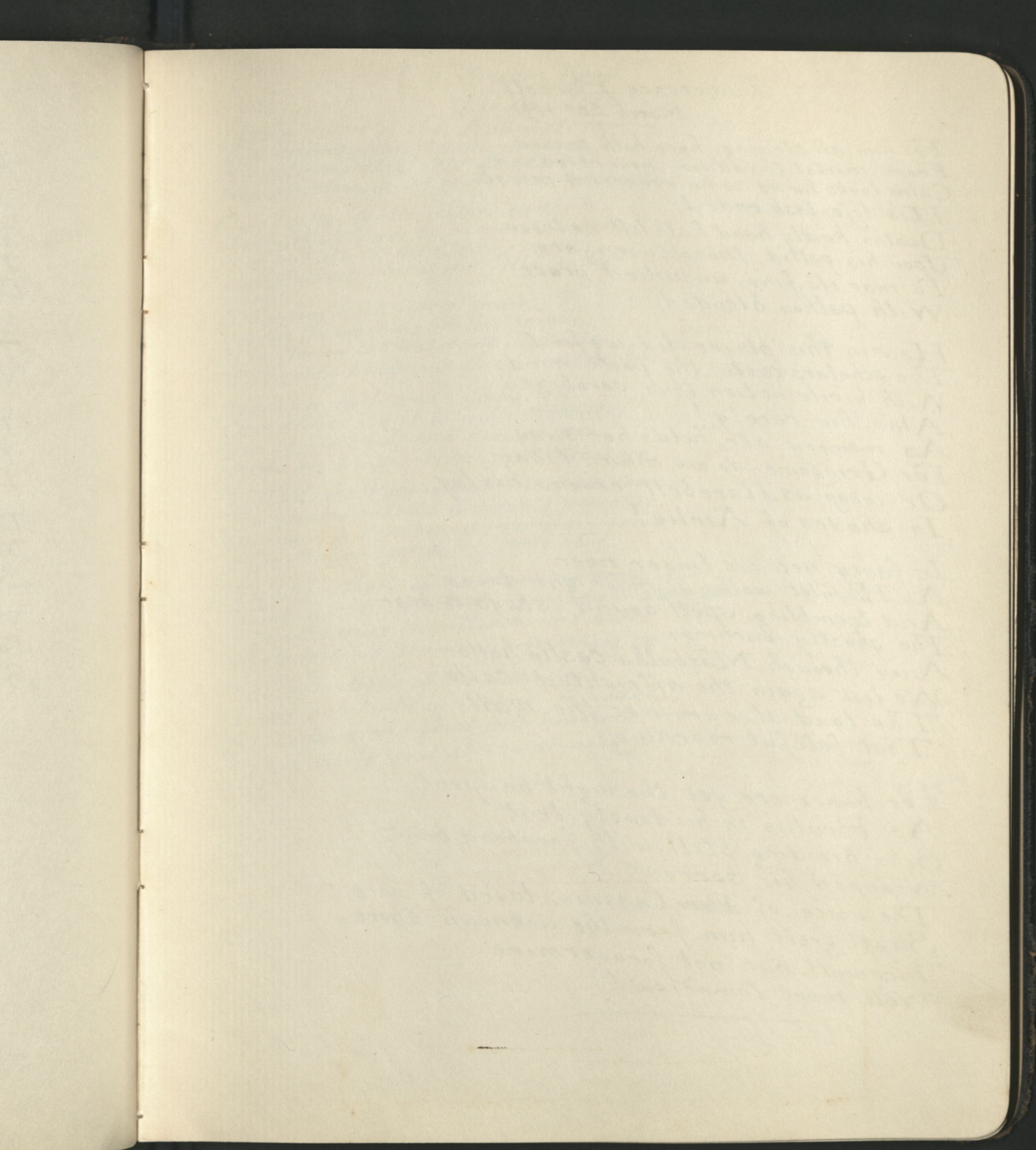
As to the assembled throng he spoke,
None dreamed so near the fatal stroke;
His task fulfilled, the strained cord broke—
A breathless pause—
How sudden seemed Death's awful call,
Yet, since the summons comes to all,
Who would not thus in harness fall
In such high cause!

Strong spirit, may no shade of night
Have power to stay thy homeward flight,
Till thou in realm of purest light
Shalt find thy rest.

God keep beneath His sheltering arm
Thy loved ones, and with healing balm,
Their wounded hearts bring back to calm—
He knoweth best.

~~HENRY S. WYER.~~

~~NANTUCKET, June 4th, 1891.~~



Lawrence Barrett

March 20th 1891

For him all striving here hath ceased,
From mortal thrall'dom now released,
Calm looks he as some reverend priest,
His life-task ended;

Death's kindly hand hath left no trace
Upon his pallid, thoughtworn face
To mar its fine, unsullied grace,
With pathos blended.

How in this player did we find
The scholar's taste, the poet's mind,
With virile action thus combined
Alas, how rarely!

As memory o'er^{us} holds her sway,
For Gringoire do we mourn today,
Or weep as Harebell croons his lay
In shades of Airlie!

In fancy yet we linger near
As Hamlet walks at midnight drear,
And trembling, spell-bound, stays to hear
The ghostly warning;
Anon through Macbeth's castle halls
We list again the affrighted calls,
The loud alarm o'er the walls
That fateful morning.

Perchance ere yet the night be spent,
As Brutus in his lonely tent
Sits brooding still, with forehead bent,
Wrapped his sorrow,
The voice of ~~Br~~ Cassius, loved of yore,
Shall greet him from the unknown shore.
"Farewell, but not forevermore,
We'll meet tomorrow!"

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The Singer's Robe

J.G.W. 1892

Mourn, spirit of the Autumntide,
Your dreamful vigil sadly keeping;
A master minstrel true and tried
Now voiceless in the grave lies sleeping!

Clasp lightly, gentle mother earth,
This faithful heart so pure and tender;
Rich tribute to his sterling worth
Your farthest shores will fitly render.

A life-long harbinger of peace,
Yet his the warning bravely spoken,
The clarion call that would not cease
Till every bondman's chains were broken.

Need we no learned critic here
Our singer's gift to justly measure;
The barefoot boy and haughty peer
While Alike his limpid strains will treasure.

Full oft shall young hearts feel his charm
By glowing hearths in bleak December;
On many a snowbound mountain farm
His tender lyrics long remember.

Dear brothers of our rhyming craft,
Faint not though critic sneer hath stung ye;
He who once felt its venom'd shaft
Hath left his stainless robe among ye.

Ho, minstrels of the olden days,
Long habitants of realms immortal,
Stand forth and greet with heavenly lays
This white soul at the shining portal!

Robert Burns

Born January 25th 1759

Brave singer of the olden days,
So potent are thy matchless lays,
No longer may our idle praise
Add to thy measure;
If still a random rhymers deem
Thy name his most congenial theme,
Be his the pleasure.

As oft I scan each glowing page
Instinct with all thy noble rage,
Thy sparkling wit and wisdom sage,
Affection tender,
A well-known voice I seem to hear,
And fain would think thy spirit near,
And homage render;

In fancy neath yon waning moon
I tread the verdant banks of Doon,
And hear an old familiar tune
By fairies chaunted;
Or see the white-thorn blooming fair
Among the braes and burns of Ayr,
All vision-haunted;

I stand within the voiceful wood
Where thou, a love-lorn dreamer, stood
And, swayed by many a changeful mood,
Attuned thy singing,
Unmindful that the simple lay
Would long survive its natal day,
Through ages ringing.

Strong lover of thy native soil,
Twas thine to crown her sons of toil,
Thy aim Oppression's might to foil,
True manhood cherish;
Not yet, whatever our mortal lot,
Shall old acquaintance be forgot,
Or friendship perish.

I turn the leaf, and lo, a throng
Of highland clansmen march along;
Loud swells the Bruce's battle-song
O'er bag-pipes droning!
Resistless yet thy magic art
To stir each loyal Scottish heart,
Such birthright owning.

Not blameless was thy brief earth life,
~~Now plunged in grief, now mad with mirth,~~
With stress of curbless passions rife,
Yet didst thou wage relentless strife
'Gainst canting error.
They heard no faint, uncertain note
Whom, once thy trenchant satire smote,
Inspiring terror.

True child of Nature from thy birth,
Now plunged in grief, now mad with mirth,
Thy song hath made the cotter's hearth
A living altar:
Well may her sons that lesson learn
Wherever Scotia's home-fires burn,
And so exalt her!

As glows the storm-scarred mountain height,
Transfigured by the sunset light,
So shines thy genius forth more bright
Through ages fleeting;
Master who needst no laurel wreath,
Take this poor spray of island heath -
A birthday greeting!

TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

WRITTEN FOR THE BOSTON JOURNAL

On His 83d Birthday.

Blithe prince of song-realm, is thy brain ~~as~~
haustless

Beneath ~~its~~ snowy crown?

Full well we know thy royal heart is frostless,
Perennial thy renown.

Age cannot chill the cunning of thy fingers,
Or stay the crystal stream

Wherein all wealth of truth and beauty lingers,
That graced thy earlier dream.

While countless bards imagined woes are wail-
ing

In plaintive minor key,

Still sounds thy voice each new-born blessing
hailing,

From morbid fancies free.

Let carping cynics tell how near to madness

Great wit is oft allied,

Thine is the gift to show what ~~fund~~ of gladness

In healthy minds ~~may hide~~.

As round the festive board the guests ~~sit~~ listen
ing,

Thou sing'st of bygone years:

Ere long on every side the dews are glist'ning

In eyes unused to tears.

The key is changed; a jocund note comes peal-
ing,

And laughter now ~~holds~~ sway.

Still teems the brain that ~~once~~ set madly wheel
ing

The peerless One-hoss Shay!

Each passing year a laurel wreath thou layest

On Alma Mater's brow,

Thy staunch allegiance to her cause displayest,

True to thy youthful vow.

A priceless web of wit and wisdom bringing

To deck her garment's hem.

No discord mars the sweetness of thy singing,

Each note a flawless gem.

Our well-loved country's high behest fulfilling,

Thou strik'st thy ringing lyre,

And lo, our cold New England blood leaps thrill
ing

With patriotic fire!

Our nation's arms how nobly hast thou vaunted,

Her captains crowned with bays,

And solemn requiem for her martyrs chanted

In high-impassioned lays.

Dear Autocrat, whose sway is all-compelling,

We hail thy natal morn;

Sing on, an age of higher aims foretelling

For millions yet unborn!

With legion hearts to thine responsive beating

Throughout our teeming land,

A fledgling rhymer brings this birthday greeting

And kneels to kiss thy hand!

HENRY S. WYNN

Nantucket, Aug. 3, '92.

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To Edmund Clarence Stedman
with Arbutus blossoms

Master and mentor of the fledgling quire,
Who keepst alight for us the ancient fire
Of classic song, receive from one who knows
The loving debt a humble rhymers owes,
This bunch of May-buds from his native isle:
With potent magic may their bloom beguile
Thy world-worn senses; may their fragrance bring
Memories to thee of many a bygone Spring;
May their lips voice the greeting he would send,
The love of one who fain would call thee friend.
If haply, mid the city's babel roar,
Thy spirit yearn for some lethean shore,
Know that for thee a life-long welcome waits
In Where old New England's groves and seaward gates,
From all her realm, to every utmost line,
The Mother-heart still fondly answer^s thine!

DIRGE

For the Heroes of the

WRITTEN FOR THE BOSTON

Fold them to rest

Upon your stricken

Oh, sorrowing isle

For these, your sons, true kn

Kept well their faith, and

part;

No warlike blades they sallie

No mangled foemen left upon

But o'er the infuriate sea

They shaped their fearful co

Where lay a doomed ship on

When, close upon the goal,

Their frail craft tossed the

wave.

Themselves they could not s

But one survived of all that

Before his yearning view,

With one last thought of n

wives,

Went forth those valliant live

Oh, martyr live

Yours now a nobler wage

Than o'er ye hoped for in our

The ultimate reward

Wherefrom the mightiest

barred!

And lo, along the land

An awe-struck people in their

With bent heads, silent!

thrill

To those bowed down before

Well may the world, forgetfu

Bring tribute to their need,

While round their isle up

surge

Its never-ending dirge!

Take heart, be

Though wintry winds may bl

And shroud their humble gr

snow,

No shallow walls of clay

Confine their deathless spi

When spake His voice Who

all,

They heard the Pilot's call:

Safe in that port beyond the

They anchor in the lee!

Nantucket, March 7, 1893.

DIRGE

For the Heroes of the Cuttyhunk.

WRITTEN FOR THE BOSTON JOURNAL.

Fold them to rest
Upon your stricken breast,
Oh, sorrowing isle!

For these, your sons, true knights of lion heart,
Kept well their faith, and nobly bore their
part;

No warlike blades they sallied forth to wield,
No mangled foemen left upon the field.
But o'er the infuriate sea
They shaped their fearful course unflinchingly,
Where lay a doomed ship on the raging shoal;
When, close upon the goal,
Their frail craft tossed them to the hungry
wave.

Themselves they could not save.
But one survived of all that dauntless crew;
Before his yearning view,
With one last thought of mothers, children,
wives,
Went forth those valiant lives.

Oh, martyr souls,
Yours now a nobler wage
Than e'er ye hoped for in our sordid age;
The ultimate reward
Wherefrom the mightiest despot stands de-
barred!
And lo, along the land
An awe-struck people in their councils stand
With bent heads, silent! Hearts responsive
thrill

To those bowed down before the Father's will.
Well may the world, forgetful now of creed,
Bring tribute to their need,
While round their isle uplifts the restless
surge
Its never-ending dirge!

Take heart, bereft ones;
Though wintry winds may blow
And shroud their humble graves with drifted
snow.

No shallow walls of clay
Confine their deathless spirits from the day.
When spake His voice Who died, yet lives for
all,

They heard the Pilot's call:
Safe in that port beyond the silent sea
They anchor in the lee!

H. S. WYER.

Nantucket, March 7, 1893.



FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

In memory of Marianna Hussey.

Now rings from yon familiar fields
A chorus of awakening birds,
And on the fragrant breeze is borne
The distant sound of lowing herds;
But one who loved the peaceful scene,
And all the gracious gifts of earth,
Has lain her down to well-earned rest,
By faith assured of newer birth,
How wise was she in Nature's lore,
How patient in her tireless quest;
To her the flowers their secrets told,
The mother-bird revealed her nest.
Her life-long message unto youth
Was fraught with loving consecration,
The wholesome ministry of toil,
The stalwart faith that binds a nation.
She loved the warmth of friendly souls,
And all the arts that gladden life,
For her the shafts of harmless jest
Were fitting foil to foolish strife.

No servile slave to fashion's rule,
No listener to scandal's tongue,
To nobler aims her soul aspired,
And kept her brave heart ever young.
She rests in peace; who now may doubt
That fuller life will end her sleeping,
That seed her faithful hand hath sown
Shall yield its harvest for her reaping!

To Frank Dempster Sherman
after reading "Lyrics of Joy"

Poet soul serene and strong,
Master of melodious song,
I, unknown, have known thee long,
Yet must wonder
Whence it comes that, like a boy
Deeming all the world his toy,
Thou dost overflow with joy;
Still I ponder

Sadly by my evening fire
How, like thee, at heart's desire
I may tune mine artless lyre
To such passion
As shall thrill each listening ear
With a song of hope and cheer,
Bring the gates of pearl anear
In thy fashion.

"Once when young I made a vow;
Still are "birds upon the bough,"
At a youth thou livest now
Full of gladness;
As the song I may not quote
Bubbles from the robin's throat,
So rings out thy liquid note,
Mocking sadness.

"Still my songs are all for her"
Happy am I to infer
Thou hast one sweet comforter,
(Matchless woman!)
Yet art never tempted sore
To send love-songs by the score
To as many maids or more?
(We are human!)

Sad my muse is — clad in black,
Pegasus, mine ancient hack,
Limps and halts and looks aback,
Melancholy;
Give me, O, thou godlike boy,
Draughts of thy deep fount of joy;
Purge me of all base alloy,
Doubt and folly!

Come again and take thy rest
In this island of the blest;
Here indeed may end thy quest,
Port Elysian;
If I could but walk with thee
By the sobbing, moonlit sea,
Haply yet might come to me
Clearer vision.

Poet in thy golden prime,
Here's to thee in salt sea rime,
May the Power above all time
Keep thee singing
Till the planets pause to hear
And millenium draweth near
As thy song serene and clear
Cometh ringing!

To A. E. Housman
after reading his ^{book of} poems "A Shropshire Lad"

Rare soul, in youth sore tempest-tost,
Hast yet thy longed for haven found,
Or art thou still—hope's anchor lost,
Far drifting from Elysian ground?

I hail thee, passing in the dark,
And know thee as a kindred soul;
O, yet may pilot save thy bark
From sunken reef and deadly shoal!

Thine is the poet's ancient right—
The agony that ruleth long;
Like robin's call in starless night
The haunting music of thy song.

Brother, in Land of Heart's Desire,
Where mortal strife and discord cease,
Mayst thou attune that golden lyre
To paeans of eternal peace!

Chantey.

TO W. N. B.

Ahoy there, jovial mariner—

What news from 'yond the foam?

Sing me a rousing chantey-song

Of Love and Home!

Prate not of age or waning powers,

Youth's treasured lyre unstrung:

Still speed for you life's golden hours,

Heart blithe and young.

O, not for us to brood alone

On "Night's Plutonian shore;"

Charm we old Time with tuneful rime

Sung o'er and o'er.

What matter though the Winter winds

Rend every sail and spar?

Still to our eyne will brightly shine

Hope's beacon star.

This World's a wondrous craft, my boy,

And Life a deep sea psalm:

Lo, yon's a reach of sunlit beach—

And Haven calm!

Nantucket, Dec. 15, 1903.

H. S. W.

A Reading from Ruskin

Rich treasures of Venetian lore,
Rare pearls from Ruskin's prime
Come tripping lightly from her tongue,
Fit voice for theme sublime;
But when, responsive to my jest,
Her drooping lashes rise,
What words can paint the eloquence
Out-flashing from her eyes!

Not e'en the peerless marble maid
From Melos' classic isle
Can emulate her winsome glance,
The sunshine of her smile,
Not all your subtle mastery,
O, wise, world-famous Greeks,
Could shape that forehead's wondrous curves
Or mould those dimpled cheeks;

Since she, intent upon her theme,
To me gives little heed,
What matter if her features be
The page whereon I read,
So, while in Ruskin's book she threads
The labyrinth of art,
I sit and idly speculate
How one ^{might} ~~may~~ win her heart.



The Poke Bonnet

*Maiden with the eloquent eyes,
What magic hath thy pictured glance
To bid forgotten scenes arise
From haunted realms of old romance!*

*With antique bonnet shaded round,
Resistless beams thy winsome face
Like some rare Rembrandt newly found
Whereon the years have left no trace.*

*Ah, piquant as a fresh-turned page
In Nature's book that vision seems
To one who, in a restless age,
Turns fondly to the old-time dreams!*

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The Pleater Bonnet

He stood beside the open door
With face that flushed at every pore.
When, scanning all the meeting oer,
(Deep stillness on it,)
He spied a little maid who wore
A pleater bonnet;

Sedately, though with conscious smile,
He took his seat upon the aisle;
(That preacher talked an endless while,
Once he begun it.)
At last they slowly outward file—
Broadbrim and bonnet.

His heart, beneath his First-day coat,
Seemed leaping upward to his throat,
He thought "it was for her I wrote
That pretty sonnet,"
Yet silent did they homeward tote—
He and the bonnet;

They reached the gate, he talked of ships,
Then suddenly he kissed her lips,
As from a rose the wild bee sips
The sweet upon it,
And, breathless, through the door-way slips
The pleater bonnet;

With buoyant step he homeward sped,
Nor seemed on common earth to tread,
While softly to himself he said
"At last I've done it!"
Next year come fifth month I shall wed
That pleater bonnet!"



The Violinist

Queenly her form and face,
Yet with what simple grace,
As o'er the vibrant strings she fondly lingers,
Deep in her pure soul dwell
All harmonies that swell
Responsive to the magic of her fingers.

When she her wand doth wield
Fairies from moor and field
Along her pathway dance their noiseless measure;
Spirits that vigil keep
Over the lonely deep
Fly shoreward to do my lady's pleasure.

Whoso doth list her strain
Longs but to hear again
Its melody so pure and soul enthralling;
Ofttimes its cadence thrills
As though from heavenly hills
Came sounds of celestial voices calling.

Happy her viol's lot,
Close-treasured, ne'er forgot,
And clasped within her fond embrace securely;
What bliss to lightly rest
Just o'er her gentle breast,
Soft pillowed on her snowy neck so purely!

Go thou, my wingéd rhyme,
Lose not a moment's time,
Fly westward while sunset fires are burning;
Tell her how sore my heart,
Pining from her apart,
Longs for the hour of her returning!

Pebble and Song

A child flung a shining pebble
Out into the morning sea,
Where it sank and hardly a ripple left,
Like a thing that had ceased to be.

A poet gave wings to a song,
And it flew abroad in the earth,
But never a sign or an echo faint
Came back to its place of birth;

So a century passed, on the sands
Came a maiden strolling along,
And she stooped for the pebble shining there
As she murmured the lines of the song.

King Neptune's Battle Song.

Hark, the cry of toiling millions;
Tyrants' greed hath made them slaves!
There is peace in my pavilions,
Rest beneath these restless waves.
Here the surges chant their dirges
Over unremembered graves!

Ho, ye Tritons, bold and fearless,
Rouse our legions from their sleep;
Summon all our squadrons peerless
From their patrol o'er the deep!
Men may doubt me—ay, and flout me,
They have sown and they shall reap!

Let them launch their mighty galleons,
Let them scour my vast domain;
When they meet my fierce battalions,
All their armaments are vain;
Rent asunder—swallowed under,
Never shall they port regain!

Though their armed hosts contending,
Drench the earth with heroes' blood;
Here shall mortal strife find ending,
Whelmed in my resistless flood!
Ere the morning light is dawning
They shall know I still am god!

Sea winds, sound your trumpets strident;
Rally, every plumed band;
When ye see my waving trident,
Onward at your king's command!
All on prancing steeds advancing,
Who may our assault withstand?

Princes, ask not mercy of me
When I thunder on your shore;
What care I who hate or love me;
All in vain shall ye implore:
Thrones may tumble, empires crumble;
Lo, I reign for ever-more!

Afterthoughts

Still methinks I see her there
In mine ancient high-backed chair,
O, a vision wondrous fair
To my sight
Is that figure trim, petite,
Clad in gray suit passing neat,
With her face like floweret sweet,
My delight!

And her eyes - no words can tell
Of their potent magic spell
O'er my heart, (she knoweth well,
It meseems.)
And her voice, how soft and low,
Like Cordelia's, long ago,
Still I hear its gentle flow
In my dreams.

When my lady deigns to sing
Her enchanting song of Spring,
All my thoughts go wandering
Woodland-wise,
To mine ear soft echoes float
Of the robin's mating-note,
On the lake a white-winged boat
Waiting lies.

Never as her chosen knight
May an old, peace-loving wight
Win her favor in the fight
On the field;
Yet, O, happier lot for me
If I may her Poet be,
Charm her with my minstrelsie
Till she yield!

Would my love but wave her hand,
 All my skill might she command,
 Lead me captive o'er the land
 Far and long;
 For the guerdon of her smile
 All her cares would I beguile,
 Woo her cunningly the while
 With my song!

THE MIRACLE.

On an evening bleak and dreary,
 And bitter with driving sleet,
 There stood in the hall of the lodging-house
 Two newsboys, fresh from the street.
 There was Patsy, surnamed The Hustler,
 And Jimmy, yclept The Kid.
 Pat's mouth stood ajar with a "twofer" cigar,
 While Jim wrestled hard with a quid.
 They had sold out the latest edition,
 And the long day's work was done.
 Oh, a sea of soup for a hungry troop,
 Then an hour of roaring fun!
 Said Patsy to little Jimmy,
 "Will yer go to teeyater wid me?
 Swate Katie O'Flynn, she's a daisy in
 Wild Meg, or de Rigmaree!"
 Just then, thro' the open doorway,
 A strange wee walf stepped in;
 And in all that place was never a face
 More pallid and woful thin.
 His clothes were but shreds and tatters,
 Scant shield from the biting cold,
 And a wistful look around he took,
 As his piteous tale he told.
 He had fall'n on the icy crossing,
 And a thief ran off with his stock;
 Still racked with pain was his whirling brain,
 Half dazed with the cruel shock.
 Then his tears flowed fast and freely,
 As he thought of his bitter loss,
 And he wanted, he said, to hide his head,
 For he "never could face de boss!"
 Said Patsy to little Jimmy:
 "I tink we won't go ter dat show;
 Quick, pass round yer cap fer de poor little chap
 'Ats down on his luck to-day!"
 Then there fell such a shower of pennies,
 Oh, the sound of their merry chink!
 And the number they found as the cap went round
 You never would dare to think!
 Then they said to the kindly matron,
 As they poured them in her lap:
 "Get a bang-up suit fer dat little galoot,
 An' tog out de poor little chap!"
 You have read of the loaves and the fishes,
 Of the miracle wrought of old;
 Just how it befell no soul could tell,
 But the pennies increased five-fold.
 One morning, all fresh from their slumbers,
 Came a legion of rollicking elves;
 And they danced with joy round the mite of a boy
 Who was far better clad than themselves.

H. S. W.

PHILLIS, AGED 5.

~~(For the Free Press Tribune)~~

O, you should see my sweetheart, with
 her blue and winsome eyes,
 Wherein lurks all the wilding charm
 of April's changeful skies:
 On either side her dainty face floats
 many a random curl—
 A golden halo round the head of my
 little girl!
 She says she loves me with a love
 that never will grow cold,
 Though she ^{is} so very, very young,
 while I am growing old;
 So oft in Fancy's shallop light I silken
 sails unfurl,
 And float away to Dreamland shore
 with my little girl.
 We little care for study-books, count
 learning all a bore,
 But we are deep in Mother Goose and
 old-time Fairy loye;
 One day I am her plum-ed knight, the
 next her humble churl,
 According to the ruling whim of my
 little girl.
 She hath such pride of pedigree, this
 haughty little thing,
 You might suppose she traced it back
 to some old Saxon King;
 No princess of the royal blood, no
 daughter of an earl
 Hoth such a wondrous lineage as my
 little girl.
 No lordly castle do I own, wherein to
 house my sweet;
 I have no golden treasury to empty at
 her feet;
 No store of precious gems are mine,
 save one pure, radiant pearl:
 The priceless jewel of my heart is my
 little girl.
 Mine is a sad philosophy, unwritten
 is my creed,
 And just a simple rule or two must
 serve my daily need;
 But life is not all weariness, since
 'mid this mortal whirl,—
 I have a darling comforter in my little
 girl.

To Twa Lassies
on their departure for England
(A far cry after Burns)

Blow, Western wind, wi' dreary moan,
Sound, waves, your mournful monotone,
For O, my bonnie doves hae flown
The seas ayond,
And here I'm sittin', sad and lone
Beside the pond!

Full many a moon will wax and wane
E'er I shall meet them in the lane,
And see their faces once again
In all their bloom;
Sad is my lot, wi' heart and brain
So wrapped in gloom.

Yet oft in Fancy's shallop light
My soul will follow in their flight
On many a moonlit summer night
Wi' ardent speed,
Nor fear the billows utmost height,
Nor tempests heed;

And I shall see the light divine
Come flashing in their lovely eyne.
When looms ayont the heaving brine
Auld Scotland's shore,
Then will they dream o' days lang syne
And classic lore.

And I shall know their hearts athrill
As from some misty moorland hill
They watch the sunset's glory till
It fades to gray,
Remembering the Island still
That's far away.

Of't will they stay to muse awhile
By castle grand or ruined pile,
Or in some old cathedral aisle
To kneel in prayer,
Then, soul of mine, forsake thy guile
And join them there!

Haply they view in hallowed ground
The ploughman poet's lowly mound,
The soul that curbless passions bound
In galling chains;
Chastened, immortal, laurel-crowned
He lives and reigns.

Where Dryburgh doth its vigil keep
By Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
Long hath the Wizard lain asleep,
His life-task o'er,
Yet Scotland shall its harvest reap
Forevermore.

Lo, where the afterglow serene
On Avon spreads its golden sheen,
Spellbound they stand amid the scene
That Shakspeare knew,
In Arden's haunted forest green
Youth's dreams review!

As o'er the sunlit fields of France
The purple shadows drift and dance
Then will the scenes of old romance
Before them rise,
And gorgeous pageants will entrance
Their wondering eyes.

Whether by Devon's rockbound shore,
Mid lonely moors or London's roar,
They muse on all the garnered lore
Of England's past,
Their hearts, unweaned, will turn once more
Homeward at last.

A Ballad of the Liberty Bell

It was but an humble tragedy
That followed a boyish deed,
Yet it bore the trace of a loyal race
That the hurrying world might heed;

On its journey home from Atlanta
Came the storied Liberty Bell,
And the wayside crowd with plaudits loud
Surged up like an ocean swell;

As the train rolled into the station
With the old bell plain in view,
There was ardor strong in the waiting throng
To render the homage due.

Then up sprang little John Poppa,
And he leaned o'er its brazen side,
And tasted the bliss of a childish kiss
That would not be denied;

Then retiring with air reluctant,
Just a few slow steps he took,
And turned his face with a boyish grace
For one last, lingering look.

"Hurrah!" "Hurrah for the Liberty Bell!"
Cried the boy with his latest breath,
For, quick as the dash of a lightning flash,
Came the angel men call death;

On the track lay a lifeless body,
(For swift was the spirit's release)
While far out of sight on its northward flight
Sped the voiceless herald of peace.

Speed on, thou Bell of Liberty,
For a Nation's reverent view,
For lo, by the blood of a little child
Thou art consecrate anew;

O, nevermore shall thy music
Ring out as in days of gold,
But the touch of his lips and finger tips
Hath turned thy bronze to gold!

(ded)

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To the Flag, May 30th.
(dedicated to young Americans)

*From the Garden of Youth we salute
O, Flag of this Home-land of ours,
And from hearts young and glowing
With songs and with garlands of flowers*

*For we love thee, old Flag—yes, we
We will ever be loyal and true
To the message of Peace that illumines
Thy field of the Red, White and Blue*

*All the free winds of heaven that
Bring us echoes of Washington's
And we read in thy stars the story
Of Lincoln's illustrious name;*

*They have made ^{thee} an emblem fore
Of the power that ruleth by love
That shall make us as wise as the
As harmless and pure as the dove*

*Mid the blossoms of May we u
Where the ~~graves~~ of thy legions
And we think of their souls march
While the planets beat time to their march.*

*From the ^{storied isles of} ~~islands of~~ old New England
To the gates of the western sea,
From the glowing heart of the Southland
Lo, we bring salutations to thee!*

*For we love thee, old Flag—yes, we love thee,
We will ever be loyal and true
To the message of Peace that illumines
Thy field of the Red, White and Blue!*

To the Flag.

(Dedicated to young Americans, May 30, 1912.)

From the Garden of Youth we salute
thee

O, Flag of this Home-land of ours,
And from hearts young and glowing we
greet thee

With songs and with garlands of
flowers:

For we love thee, old Flag, yes, we love
thee,

We will ever be loyal and true
To the message of Peace that illumines
Thy folds of the Red, White and Blue!

All the free winds of Heaven that fan
thee

Bring us echoes of Washington's fame;
We have read in thy stars the story
Of Lincoln's illustrious name:

They have made thee an emblem forever
Of the Power that ruleth by love,
That shall make us as wise as the
serpent,

As harmless and pure as the dove.

'Mid the blossoms of May we unfurl
thee

Where the tents of thy Legions are
spread,
And we think of their souls marching
onward

As the planets beat time to their tread.

From the storied isles of New England
To the gates of the Western Sea,
From the glowing heart of the Southland
Lo, we bring salutations to thee.

For we love thee, old Flag, yes, we love
thee,

We will ever be loyal and true
To the spirit of peace that illumines
Thy field of the Red, White and Blue!

H. S. W.

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To the Flag, May
(dedicated to young Americans)

From the Garden of Youth we salute thee
O, Flag of this Home-land of ours,
And from hearts young and glowing we greet thee
With songs and with garlands of flowers!

For we love thee, old Flag—yes, we love thee,
We will ever be loyal and true
To the message of Peace that illumines
Thy field of the Red, White and Blue!

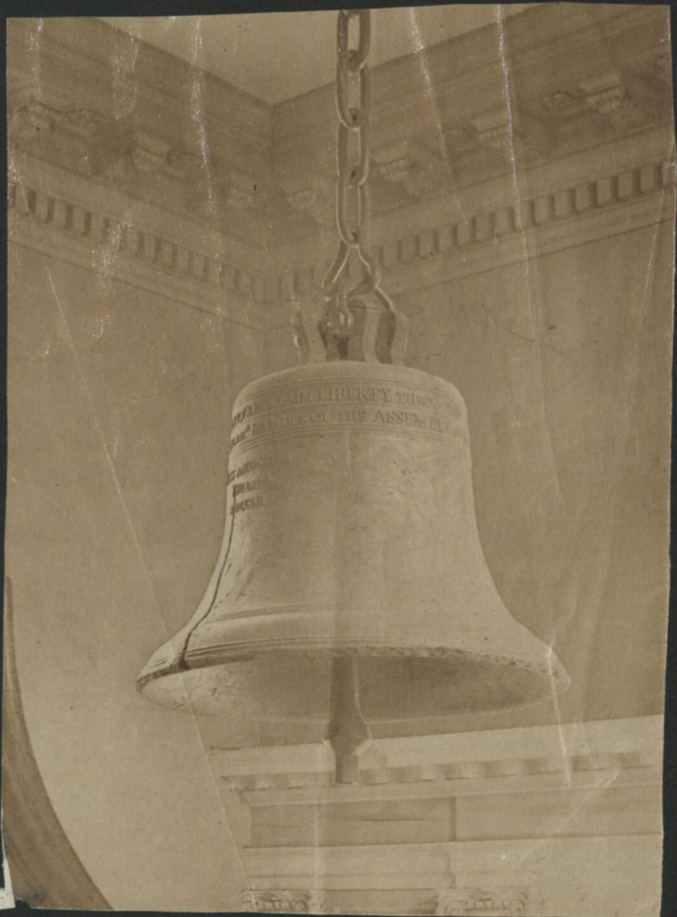
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Bring us echoes of Washington's fame,
And we read in thy stars the story
Of Lincoln's illustrious name;

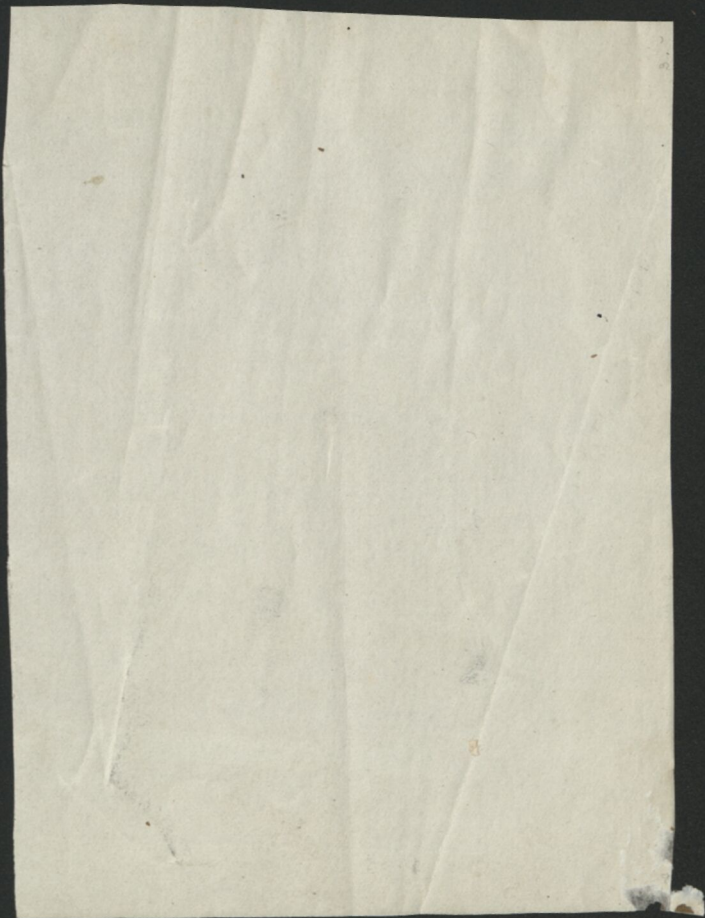
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tents Mid the blossoms of May we unfurl thee
Where the ~~graves~~ of thy legions are spread,
And we think of their souls marching onward
While the planets beat time to their tread.

From the ~~islands~~ ^{storied isles} of old New England
To the gates of the western sea,
From the glowing heart of the Southland
Lo, we bring salutations to thee!

For we love thee, old Flag—yes, we love thee,
We will ever be loyal and true
To the message of Peace that illumines
Thy field of the Red, White and Blue!





The Legacy

His children wept beside the bed
Where lay an aged Scotsman dying;
"God's will be done, my bairns," he said;
"Waste ye no time ⁱⁿ ~~for~~ tears or sighing;
"I leave ye all my hard-earned hoard,
"Ye ken how lang it's taen to win it;
Remember, lads, my latest word,
There's neer a dirty shilling in it!"

Master and magnate of the mart,
Life is but short, and years are fleeting,
And 'mid the frenzied race your heart
E'en now its warning note is beating;
When once, the candle burning low,
You ponder on life's latest minute,
Your fortune would you give to know
"There's neer a dirty shilling in it!"

Written for The Evening Star.

What's the Odds!

What though you win not idle praise,
And ne'er loom up to public gaze;
Though trump of fame ~~ne'er~~ sound your name,
Life is not all a losing game;
There waits a prize for him who plods,
So what's the odds!

not

Do you a grievous burden bear
In close companionship with care?
Take heart of grace, and mend your pace,
And you may win in life's long race,
Though now you only carry hods,
Oh, what's the odds!

The world may coldly pass you by,
And care not if you live or die;
Bend to your task, and scorn to ask
In Fortune's fickle smiles to bask.
Though fools set up as little gods,
Pshaw, what's the odds!

Although your songs may ne'er besung,
Or all your pictures stay unhung;
Though you've forgotten all you've read,
And all the brilliant things you've said,
Though former friends vouchsafe but nods,
Still, what's the odds!

E'er all the bloom of life be gone,
And hoary age comes creeping on,
Clasp to your soul the living truth
And you shall win eternal youth;
Though you may lie beneath the sods,
Then, what's the odds!

—HENRY S. WYER

Random Rimes

A Cold Water Victory.

Sherburne, 1755.

"Peleg Mitchell (father of the late Peleg), of Nantucket, grand-son of Jethro Starbuck, and great-grand-son of Mary Starbuck, relates the circumstances described to him by his mother and others, concerning her father, Jethro Starbuck and his brother Nathaniel, which occurred during a former war between the French and Americans." [Here follows the account.]

Now list ye, hardy sailor-men,
A thrilling tale I'll tell
All of a bloodless victory
That cost no shot or shell:

'Twas back in "French and Injun" days
A privateer came down
And anchored in the channel way
To blockade Sherburne town.

Down came the Quaker citizens
And gathered on the shore:
"Alas!" they said, "our wood is low—
What *shall* we do for more!"

Then up spake Jethro Starbuck bold
"A craven lot are ye
That suffer this French privateer
Such obstacle to be!"

"Well, Jethro, 'tis a grievous thing—
Long have we prayed for light;
Now tell what thou would'st have us do—
Thou surely would not *fight*!"

"Nay, not one drop of blood we'll spill,
But, friends, I have a plan
To capture that same privateer
And pinlon every man!"

"Just give me Obed Pinkham's sloop,
And forty men for crew,
All armed with common kitchen-mops—
Thou'lt see what I will do!"

Eight bells had struck—all yet was still
Aboard the privateer,
When suddenly the watchman spied
A vessel drawing near:

"Ahoy—Ahoy there! Come about
Quick, or we'll open fire!"
But still the old sloop kept her course,
And silently drew nigher.

Boom went the gun—across their bow
A ten-pound shot was dropped,
And straight behind the binnacle
In haste old Jethro popped.

"Aha!" said brother Nat. to him—
"And wilt thou prove a coward?"
"Not so," quoth he, "good men are scarce,
Go, take thy station forward;"

"Call up the crew—stand ready all
To grapple at her side,
Then every man will seize his mop
And dip it 'neath the tide!"

The moment came—they leapt aboard;
More quick than tongue can tell,
Upon that hapless foreign crew
A sudden blindness fell.

They staggered, gasping hard for breath—
All in a helpless plight,
And quick as flash old Jethro's crew
Bound every Frenchman tight.

Then Jethro lit his pipe and said
"Now, brother, who's thy coward?
Go, get thee aft and stand the watch,
I'll muster all hands forward!"

Then did those Frenchmen weep and wail
And beg for liberty.
But Jethro, frowning, shook his head:
"Too good for such as thee!"

"Such wicked, vile, blood-thirsty men
Good freedom would be lost on;
Thy vessel is our lawful prize—
We'll send thee up to Boston!"

H. S. W.

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TO MY GINGHAM UMBARELL.

BY H. S. WYER.



Thy face is ^{warn and} sadly faded now,
Companion of my youth,
With stick of good, stout hickory,
With knob of ^{sperm} right-whale's tooth.
Yet, as I fondly gaze on thee
And on thy virtues dwell,
Methinks we both grow young again,
My ~~gingham~~ umbarell!

Once more adown the village lane
I stroll, but not alone,
And envy not the emperor,
His empress or his throne.
For O, beside me trips along
My little sweetheart, Nell,
Our faces huddled close beneath
My ~~gingham~~ umbarell!



What matter whether April days
Shed on us tears or smiles;
Nor cared we if with leisure steps
We wandered many miles.
She never tired of listening
To all I had to tell,
Beneath the cosy shelter of
My ~~gingham~~ umbarell!



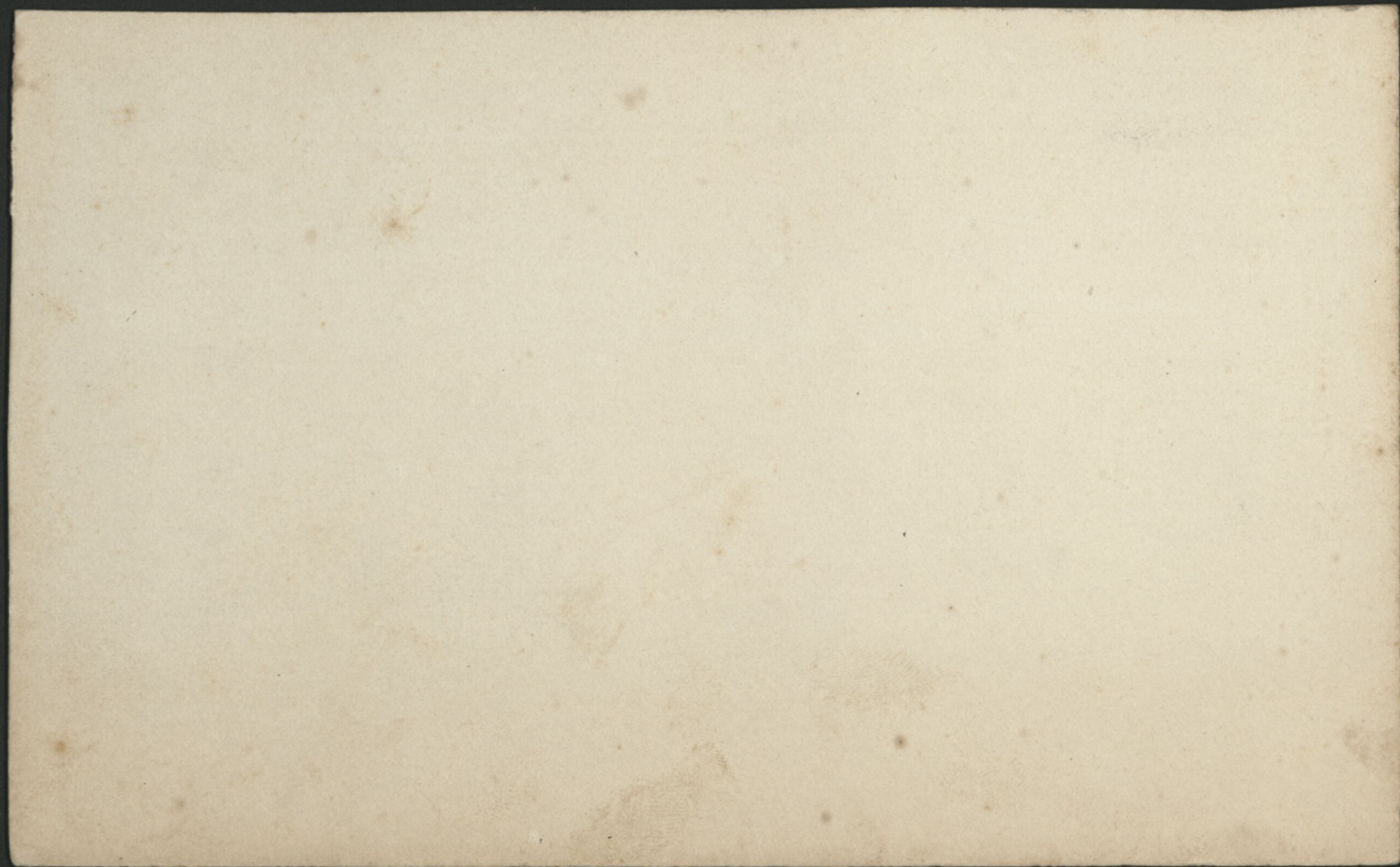
And when on yearly meeting days,
The flood-gates opened wide,
'Twas fun to see my Uncle John,
With Deborah beside,
How then, amid the pelting rain,
Thy form would proudly swell,
And offer them protection, O,
My ~~gingham~~ umbarell!

u-g.
But thou art sadly changed since then;
Thy ribs of whalebone stout
Are broken now; thy usefulness
Is open to some doubt.
Yet for thy tender memories,
Old friend, I love thee well,
And fondly press thee to my heart,
My ~~gingham~~ umbarell!

o.g.
And set thee in undying song,



For "My gingham umbrella."





An Old Hanfückeler.

AS SEEN IN SILHOUETTE.

O, portly Friend of bygone days,
With my best bow I greet thee;
As on thy rotund form I gaze,
It seemeth good to meet thee!
I would not for an empire lose
Thy "counterfeit presentment,"
From all its outlines seem to ooze
An air of bland contentment.

Thy well-kept broad-brim shows no trace
Of disrespectful fingers,
And on thy sleek and jovial face,
Complacency still lingers.
In all thy make-up there appears
A perfect sense of fitness;
Of how they fared in bygone years,
Thou art a silent witness.

For racy bits of gossip "news"
No man hath keener relish;
What homely figures dost thou use
Each subject to embellish!
Where men in daily conclave sit
And talk of ships and whaling,
How dost thou air thy cumbrous wit
And win applause unfailing!

Of plump wild-fowl full many a brace,
From Tuckernuck or Hummock,
Must sure have found a resting-place
In that capacious stomach.
While other men aspired to lead
In councils of the nation,
It was enough for thee to feed
Thy own great corporation.

Thy neckcloth neat I like to see,
Thy noble queue well braided;
Shade of Confucius! can it be
Thou didst it up unaided?
What was thy name? Hadst thou a wife?
Who was thy lucky tailor?
Whate'er thy calling was in life,
Thou never wast a sailor.

Thou never wast a lawyer sharp,
Nor yet a "hireling preacher;"
Thou couldst not sing, or play the harp,
Or be a dancing teacher.
One cannot hope to rightly take
The measure of thy talents,
But on one point my hat I'll stake
Thou wast a man of balance.

Methinks I see thy pond'rous form
Serenely "down long" rolling;
Thou stoppest not for any storm
When eight o'clock is tolling.
Each open store thou amblest by,
Until, the market reaching,
The anxious carvers quickly fly,
Thy patronage beseeching.

Hark! dinner time! Old Friend, farewell,
'Twere madness to detain thee;
Who would presume thy faults to tell,
Or say one word to pain thee?
In future days, when oft will sweep
A flood of memories o'er me,
'Twill cheer my loneliness to keep
Thy silhouette before me!

"Pourquoi?"*

"I was long ago in a seaport town
A sad-faced man trudged up and down;
His back was bent; his gait was queer;
His whiskers reached from ear to ear.
A basket on his arm he bore,
That did contain his precious store.

"What are thy wares?" A stranger cried.
He slackened not his slipshod stride,
But kept his course nor'-east by nor',
Then rolled his quid around his jaw,
And weirdly chanted he

"Oui, mon ami!" the stranger said;
"I really do not grasp thy thread,
But by thy accent it is clear
Thou hast not long sojourned here;
Pardonnez moi, my name is 'Arris,
And I once spent three months in Paris.
Art thou an exile from the land
That was Napoleon's empire grand?"
But when that stranger man he saw,
He slightly waved his mammoth paw,
Intoning solemnly

"Pourquoi?"

"Pourquoi?"

"Well may'st thou ask *why* cruel fate
Hath brought thee to this low estate!
Can'st thou sweet memories report
Of scenes at fair Eugenie's Court?
Perchance some souvenir thou hast
To mind thee of thy glorious past;
If this at moderate price thou'lt sell,
My foreign friend, 'twill please me well!"
He slowly ope'd his lantern jaw,
"Some likes 'em biled—some likes 'em raw!"
Then loudly bellowed he

"Pourquoi?"

*Pooqua and Quahog are synonymous Indian words for the hard-shell clam.

Time-in-the-Primer.

His Roman nose seems bending down
To hob-nob with his chin;
There's not a soul in all the town
But knows that genial grin.
A tear stands in his weather eye,
But 'tis no whit the dimmer;
He hears all rumors as they fly,
This keen old Time-in-the-Primer.

In ancient hist'ry he is versed,
And oft he reels it out;
But when for simple facts you thirst,
He leaves you still in doubt.
And if his statements you deny,
(Of truth the faintest glimmer)
Your power of proof he will defy,
This shrewd old Time-in-the-Primer.

But while he serves us food for mirth,
There beats no kinder heart;
He counts his friends o'er all the earth,
Though from them far apart.
Then come, all ye that love him most,
And fill the foaming brimmer;
Here's to your health a rousing toast,
O, rare old Time-in-the-Primer!

You'd hardly think one of his age
Would love the trivial jest;
Beware, tempt not this jovial sage,
Or he'll retort with zest!
O, wits and solons of the town,
'Tis best you let him simmer;
He'll live to see you all hull down,
This tough old Time-in-the-Primer!

In auctions he doth take delight,
Where household goods are sold;
And when the sale is at its height
The veteran waxeth bold.
To hear him bid all comers o'er
On antique pot and skimmer,
A painted figure-head might roar
At queer old Time-in-the-Primer.

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Deep Sea Song

O, I love the sea - the sparkling sea
As I list to its hollow roar,
But when 'tis rough I'm happy enough
To wind my watch on shore!

So I'll sing ye a deep sea song,
Like a tough old ocean rover,
With a rattlin' ring and a rousin' swing
And an elegant style moreover!

True heroes bold were the tars of old
When they followed the spouting whale,
More fond I am of the gentle clam,
With a jug of the foamy ale,

O, I'm proud of my ship - my gallant ship
As she rides o'er the foaming bar,
But all the same will I tarry at home
Where the solid comforts are!

When the wind blows free o'er the wintry sea,
And the breakers beat on the sand,
I will hug my berth by the roaring hearth,
And keep my log on the land;

And I'll sing ye my deep sea song
Like a regular ocean rover,
So come what will be ye faithful still
To your own true nautical lover!

*THE GOVERNOR'S LOG.

London, 1896.

(The Chancellor addresses the Council.)

"Now where is this New England?"

Says the chancellor, says he:

"Is it in Massachusetts,
Or down in Floridee?"

But of all that learned company
Not one essayed to speak;
For tho' they all were wondrous wise
Their g'ography was weak.

Then amid the solemn silence
Up spake a Newsman Scribe,
Of manner coy and diffident,
(The badge of all his tribe).

"So please you, learned chancellor,
If I may speak one minute,
'Tis not in Massachusetts,
And yet that state is in it."

"And where on earth is Plymouth
Town,

And what did Bradford do?
Now, tell us this, O, wise young scribe
And, mind you, tell us true!"

"Your honor, Plymouth is in Mass.
And in it there's a Rock,
And on that same did Bradford land
With all his kit and flock."

"Enough, enough, O, learned scribe,
You'll land us in a fog!
Now, gentlemen, my judgment is
They're welcome to this Log!"
—Henry S. Wyer.

*Founded on fact.

AN HISTORICAL LYRIC.

Apres Recent Correspondence in The In-
quirer and Mirror.

A brilliant young wit
Says his ancestor fit
In some glorious old revolution,
But a long-headed sage
(Nearly double his age)
Says "Your hist'ry's a mass of confusion."

Sir Witling comes back
With a terrible whack—
"You're a fossilized old pea-shooter;
The facts you so prize are a bundle of lies;
Your hist'ry—it aint worth a hooter!"

Then our ven'erable sage
Cooly turns a new page
And says, "That ship was a schooner;
Being rotten as punk, consequently she sunk
Full a century before his, or sooner."

Sir Witling, he winced—
"Now, I'm almost convinced
You are more than half right, my dear
brother.
My story was leaky; now if I'm not cheeky,
Won't you help me to fix up another?"

I have data galore
Never published before
How my ancestor shone as a pirate.
O, red was his blood as he sailed the salt flood
And ransom raked in at a high rate!

Since Noah set sail
Historians ne'er fail
To quarrel (for loot or for glory);
But the one that scores best,
Be he East or else West,
Is the feller that tells the best story.

In most of our hist'ry
There's more or less myst'ry,
And fortunate 'tis this is true;
For a Pinafore Lyric, both sweet and satiric,
Beyond the least doubt this will do.

H. S. W.

September 24, 1916.

To Dorothea, aged seven

O, darling little Dorothy
With eyes so keen and bright,
The brownies want to borrow thee
To play for them tonight;
space They're going to give a fancy ball
In honor of some elves,
You will be sure to know them all,
They told me so themselves;

So go and tune thy violin
And rosin up thy bow,
And make a merry trial in
A waltz the brownies know;

O, what will Karl and Harold do
When thee sets out to go?
Just follow on thout hat or shoe
To see the funny show;

And when the brownies see them both
Come tripping hand in hand,
I'm sure they will be nothing loth
To let them join the band;

Herr Karl will play the clarinet
While Harold beats the drum,
And when you all right hungry get
Come home and eat a crumb!

Some fol

Obadiah--His Lay

Some folks is alrays cruisin' round
In search of new surprise,
An' some keeps busy plannin' out
Fer mansions in the skies,
But, bein's I'm jest a common man,
Says Obadiah Brown,
Why, all I want's a roostin' place
In old Nantucket town!

Some people has an appetite
Fer city life an' wealth,
An' some is alrays doctorin'
An' chasin' after health,
Till Boom! 'long comes a motor car
An' flattens of 'em down
But there's a safer roostin' place
In old Nantucket town.

Some folks go up to Boston
Fer Culture, Art--an' Beans,
Come back an' talk philoserfy
(An' Lord knows what it means!)
I never wade beyond my depth,
For I don't want to drown,
So just give me my roostin' place
In old Nantucket town.

Some people's alrays whittlin'
'Bout other folk'ses sins,
'An' 'tis with these self-righteous on es
That scandal oft begins;
I calkerlate a hearty laugh
Works better than a frown,
An' makes a cheerful roostin' place
In old Nantucket town.

If ever I ~~be~~^{am} called aloft,
An' grow some useful wings,
I'll oft come back to take a look
At old familiar things,
Then you may twang your golden harp
An' you may wear your crown,
But let me keep my roostin' place
In old Nantucket town!

H. S. W.

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A Rime of Uncle Peelick

His form was lean, his gray eyes keen
Beneath a rugged brow,
His reefer trim and old broadbrim
Are not in fashion now;
A simple soul that knew no guile
He chose the better part
And earned his bread with trusty Ned
In his old two-wheeled cart.

With cheery shout his voice rang out
Upon a Summer morn,
As one might hail a well known sail
Just home from round Cape Horn,
And when he started on a cruise
Down through the busy mart,
All other craft would fall abaft
Of Uncle Peelick's cart.

Firm would he stand, rope-reins in hand,
Like figure cast in bronze,
No cobble-stones could rack his bones,
However swift his runs;
The old white horse his head would toss
In manner brisk and smart,
As he were but a four year colt
Just tackled to the cart.

On shearing days the worthy spouse
Dressed up so neat and trim,
Sat, braced with care in high-backed chair,
And rode ^{abroad} ~~along~~ with him.
Her pleater bonnet you'd have called
An antique work of art,
Could you have seen her on the green
Alighting from the cart.

I sing no praise of boyhood's days,
Nor would I live them o'er,
For youth has snares and age has cares,
And who would wish for more?
But I kind o' think 't would ease my load,
And lighten up my heart
To take jaunt on Sconset Road
In Uncle Peelick's cart.

A Nantucket Tragedy

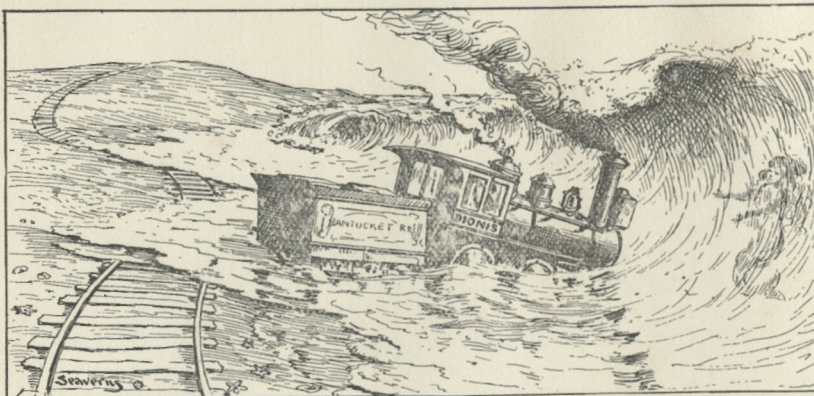
Her face is like an orchid flower,
Her voice more sweet than hum of bees,
But O, within a brief half hour,
She murders fifty final g's!

'Twas but last year she finished school,
And took her honors, too, with ease,
And yet this precious little fool
Persists in killin' final g's.

In French translation she is versed,
Can conjugate "aimer" to please;
Her English is by far the worst,
Denuded of all final g's

Were I but deaf this winsome maid
Might bring me quickly to my knees;
Too well I hear, and am afraid
She'll go on killin' final g's.

My brain is in a maddenin' whirl,
I'll flee beyond the farthest seas
Before I'll wed this bloomin' girl
Who murders all the final g's!



LAMENT FOR A FAVORITE LOCOMOTIVE.

AIR: "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls"—

O, where is dear Dionis now
And all her festive train?
The headlight on her iron brow
We seek, alas, in vain!
In rows the silent sleepers lie,
No warning toot they hear,
Nor tremble, as she rushes by,
The hills of Nobadeer.

To "Sconset" her beloved mate,
She loaned a rib or two,
A valve, a piston and a grate,
Which left her feeling blue.
Old "Sconset" hobbled out one morn,
And never home came he;
Said poor Dionis, lone and lorn,
"Life hath no charms for me."

Next morning like a lightning flash
She scuttled out of town;
At Nobadeer with one fell splash
She to the deep went down.
Alas for mourners who are left
With naught but watered stock;
Of annual dividend bereft
As by electric shock!

Those dulcet strains we loved to hear
Along the Goose-pond shore
Are silent now on moor and mere
Forever—evermore!
Oh, cruel irony of fate
That such a road may rust,
And all the ~~frogs may~~ hibernate *sleepers!*
Beneath the drifted dust!

O, flagman by the Goose-pond shore
Your banner waves in vain;
For you shall greet O, nevermore,
Dionis and her train!
Be Yours a heartfelt sympathy
For strangers at our gate
Who in the station mournfully
With season tickets wait!

And when the doughty William D.
Says "Go-o-o and see the surf!"
A mighty host will eagerly
Go tramping o'er the turf.
And as with disappointed glare
They find it simmered down,
O, fancy them with injured air
Come trudging back to town!

Still oft on moonlit summer night
May dreamers hear again
Dionis, as in spectral flight
She scuttles o'er the plain.
From lonely hills of Nobadeer
Reverberate once more
Those witching strains we loved to hear
Along the Goose-pond shore.

SPRING OWED-TO DATE.

March 22, 1916.

Ye've come, Ould Gyurl, methinks we know your liniments,

An' by the agonies that rack our mortal liniments
We know ye're here, wid all yer swate illusions.
Yer dear ould bluff, and fiminine delusions.

Tnose smiles 'o yourn, that give us all the shivers.

Make our poor noses run on like Arctic rivers.

O, yis, ye've come, wid tears o' doleful drizzle,
To make us believe ye're not a faymale fizzle!

Well, well, Ould Gyurl, we'll have to make the best
o' ye,

We know yer crafty face, tho' we haven't seen
the rest o' ye.

Maybe ye'll turn out sicker than ye're seemin',

An' give yer ould Pote his day o' cheerful dream-
in'.

Anyhow, Ould Gyurl, bedad, an' here ye ar-r-re,
So here's to yer neaten in not milk (we kape no
open bar-r-r.)

May yer latter ind be purtier and swater than yer
face,

Arrah, Mayvourneen, may the saints give ye grace!

Cheer up, Ould Darlin'! Summer'll warm the heels
o' ye,

Set yer blood dancin' an' jolly up the feels o' ye.

Meanwhile, cheer up, forget to cough an' snuffle,

Get on yer gaa rags an' dance a double shuffle.

Let's all be jolly, an' thankful for our gifts,

(Think we scent roses, while we stagger through
the drifts).

'Tis true we're dead broke, but where's the use to
worry?

(Hope springs eternal in those who still can
borry.)

O, hark (on Victor records) I hear the robins sing,

The (bonnet) flowers are bloomin'

And (Ugh!!!) Bedad! It's SPRING!!!

H. S. W.

EARLY SPRING SONG.

Nantucket, March 1, 1904.

(Suggested by accounts in Boston
papers after a freeze-up.)

Farewell at last, O record-breaking winter.

Wait not for parting nip;

Get on a pace like some belated sprinter.

And pray, don't leave your grip!

By-by, old chap, this parting is sweet sorrow,

Leave us to pay your bills.

Give us two years or so wherein to borrow

For doctors, drugs and pills.

Come, Gentle Spring, across the open channels,

(Ah, how we've longed for you!)

But be not rash—keep on your heavy flannels,

Leggin's and arctics, too.

Remember, dear, this route is always risky,

(Few comforts 'long the line)

Take, 'ere you start, a bracer of rye whiskey,

With fifty grains quinine.

Be warned in time—let not the hoary wooer

Long linger at your knees,

Lest he may prove your merciless undoer,

And your young life-blood freeze.

Stay, not to buy conventional apparel—

Bring stuff for good square meals.

Bring beef, and flour, and sugar by the barrel,

(We are dead sick of eels!)

No haste for stock of buttercups and daisies,

Or early garden greens.

Bring us some yeast cakes (them as always raises)

Last, but not least, bring beans.

Bring us some grain for all our hungry horses,

(We've eaten all our kine)

We're out of medicines, with scant resources

Of tanglefoot or wine.

Bitter our fate, to be so ice-olated

With empty cupboard shelves,

And all of us too closely correlated

For relish of ourselves.

Come, Gentle Nymph, in all your vernal glory.

(Ah, how we yearn for you!)

This rheumatiz—but that's another story—

Sweet Goddess—Ah—kerchew!

H. S. W.

